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POP SHOTS

PET OF THE YEAR
RUNNER-UP

SKIN DIAMOND

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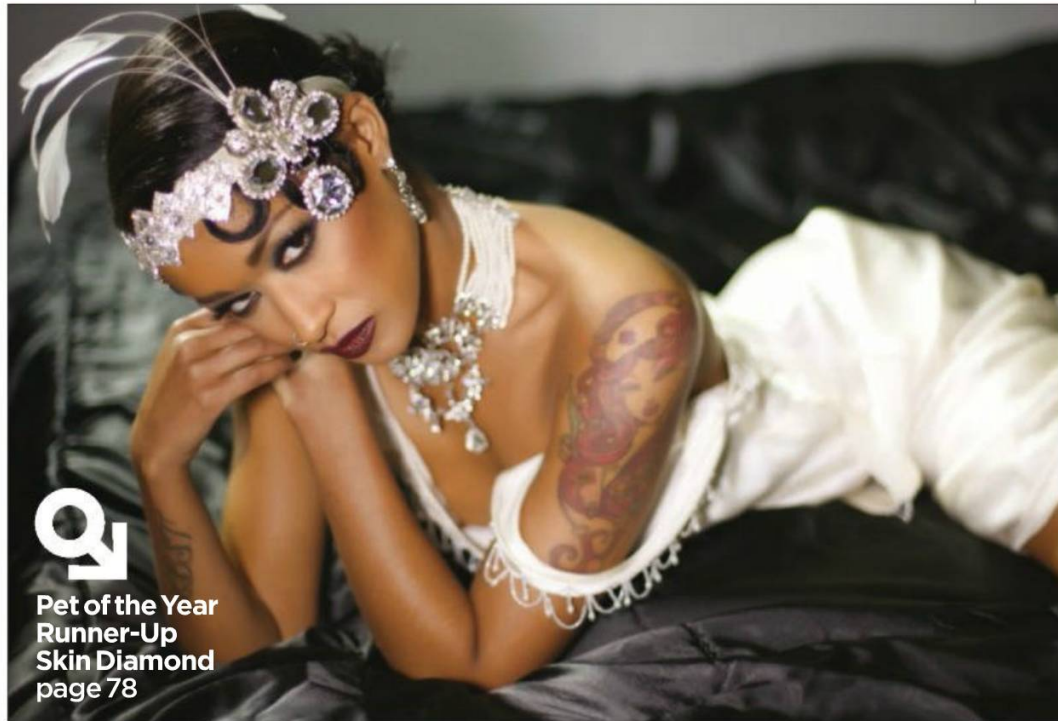
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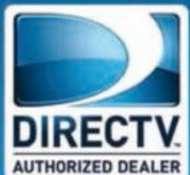
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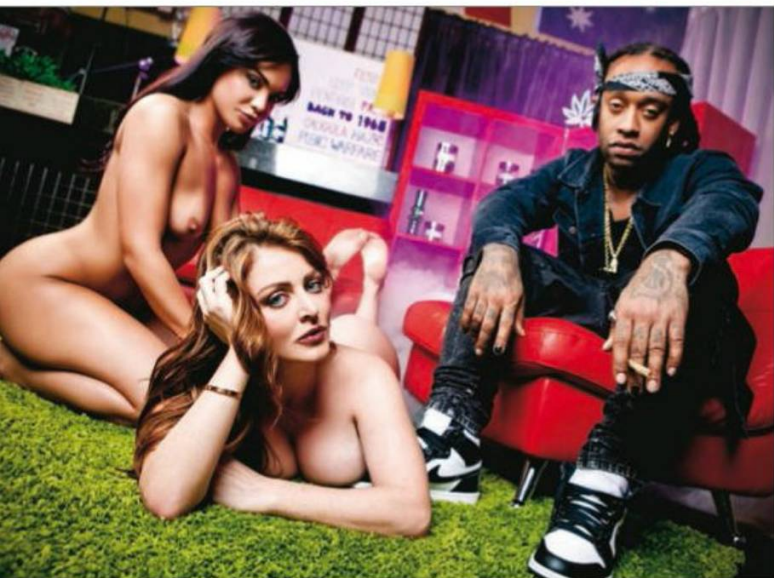
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EDITOR'S NOTE



Clockwise from left: Ty Dolla \$ign with models Selena Santana and Sophie Dee; Pet of the Year Runner-Up Skin Diamond; Vanessa Williams; one of Alexander Colby's Point Blank submissions.

POP SHOTS

Singer Ty Dolla \$ign took our offer to direct a pictorial in the setting of his choice and, not completely surprisingly, chose to depict a marijuana dispensary and a boxing ring. As he tells us in his interview, if he weren't so busy doing music, he'd open a weed shop and surround himself with beautiful women every day. You'll be high as a kite when you see the sexy results of his photo shoot with Sophie Dee and Selena Santana.

POINT BLANK

Our ongoing series of portfolios showcasing the images of emerging photographers continues with Alexander Colby, whose work with burlesque performers, exotic models, musicians, and the upper echelon of the adult-entertainment community makes him the perfect fit for *Penthouse*.

BEDTIME STORIES

This month, our long-running erotic-fiction section features a naughty tale from *Penthouse Variations on Submission*, the second book in our *Variations* line from Cleis Press. In "A Vow of Silence," a woman at a silent retreat submits to much more than she bargained for on her vacation ... and gets exactly what she needs in bed.


ICONIC IMAGERY

As part of our celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Penthouse brand, we're revisiting iconic *Penthouse* pictorials. What better place to start than with the iconic pictorial, the one that led to the first African-American Miss America, Vanessa

Williams, being forced to relinquish her crown? Travel back in time with us and check out images from two different photographers who worked with the most memorable beauty queen in history.

OUR 2015 PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP

Of course this is the Pet of the Year Runner-Up issue, so we're really looking toward the future. Skin Diamond, a 28-year-old porn star who grew up in Scotland, is the perfect Runner-Up for 2015, when we're celebrating this magazine's own roots in the United Kingdom. And since Skin is our first POY Runner-Up who's a woman of color, it seemed especially fitting to adopt a Josephine Baker theme for her photo shoot. As Skin tells us, "Emulating one of the world's most inspiring and groundbreaking women for my shoot with *Penthouse* was definitely an experience that I will treasure forever. And getting my Key necklace was my proudest moment!"

And now that we have our Runner-Up, all that's left is to announce the winner. Keep your eyes peeled in the coming weeks for next month's Pet of the Year issue! 



How to Outsmart a Millionaire

Only the "Robin Hood of Watchmakers" can steal the spotlight from a luxury legend for under \$200!

I wasn't looking for trouble. I sat in a café, sipping my espresso and enjoying the quiet. Then it got noisy. Mr. Bigshot rolled up in a roaring high-performance Italian sports car, dropping attitude like his \$14,000 watch made it okay for him to be rude. That's when I decided to roll up my sleeves and teach him a lesson.

"Nice watch," I said, pointing to his and holding up mine. He nodded like we belonged to the same club. We did, but he literally paid 100 times more for his membership. Bigshot bragged about his five-figure purchase, a luxury heavyweight from the titan of high-priced timepieces. I told him that mine was the **Stauer Corso, a 27-jewel automatic classic now available for only \$179**. And just like that, the man was at a loss for words.

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OBJECT OF DESIRE

I was a newly divorced 35-year-old woman when I bought my house. Concerned about some unforeseen expenses, I placed an ad in the local paper for a roommate to help cover the bills. The first response I received was from a gorgeous 27-year-old guy named Jared. He came with good references and offered two months rent in advance, so it didn't take me long to decide. He did warn me that as a bartender, he sometimes kept odd hours, but how bad could it be?

After just a week, it was obvious why he had such "odd" hours. Nearly every night he brought home a different woman. When we crossed paths one morning, he asked if I had a problem with that. Not wanting to seem judgmental or prudish, I said, "Of course not." However, I was curious as to what made him such a hot commodity.

Then, late one night, when I was getting ready for bed, Jared came in, and I distinctly heard two female voices. Curious, I cracked open my bedroom door and peeked into the living room, where I could see two beautiful women in short skirts with tops that revealed perfectly defined abs with pierced belly rings. After a little kissing and fondling, the redhead put her arm around the blonde and asked Jared to choose which of them he wanted. Jared just smiled, took off his shirt to reveal a perfect six-pack, and said, "Why not both?"

While the girls kissed each other, Jared pulled up the blonde's top and started sucking and licking her tits. Wanting equal attention, the redhead removed her top completely. After Jared helped them strip off the rest of their clothing, the blonde unzipped Jared's jeans, letting them drop to the floor. As soon as I saw his big, thick cock, I knew what made him so popular. Just seeing his cock was enough

to make me cream my panties.

Jared just looked at the blonde and she dropped to her knees and began to give him a very enthusiastic blowjob. After Jared let out a couple of moans, the redhead took her place and the blonde played tongue tag with him. Then, several minutes later, Jared brought the redhead to her feet and escorted both girls to his bedroom. For a split second, I thought he would shut the door, but as luck would have it, he left it partially open. Not wanting to miss out on any of the action, I silently made my way toward his room and peeked inside.

The girls were kissing each other on Jared's bed when he got between them. The blonde quickly straddled him and began riding him with reckless abandon as the redhead lowered her pussy over his face. They rode Jared, stopping only occasionally to fondle, caress, and kiss each other while Jared played with their tits. After the girls both came, they traded places, though it appeared Jared was nowhere near ready to finish. The three of them continued for more than an hour, changing positions each time the girls came, till finally Jared had both girls lie in front of him while he shot stream after stream of come all over their breasts. It was the most erotic display I had ever seen.

After the girls cleaned each other off, I crept back to my room and watched as Jared came out and helped them retrieve their clothes—with the exception of their panties, which I can only assume he kept as trophies. He walked them both to the door, where the three of them shared a kiss, and the girls gave Jared their numbers. I went to my bed hornier than ever, thinking that my only relief would be to masturbate.

I was back in bed, about to reach for my vibrator, when Jared knocked on my door. Apparently, the scene in the living room had been to get my attention, and leaving the bedroom door open had been to lure me in. Well, no surprise—it worked! Not only did I get to experience what makes Jared so popular, but we've worked out a special arrangement several nights a week. I couldn't ask for a better roommate!—M.L., Florida

More letters on page 122



The girls rode Jared, stopping only to fondle and kiss each other.

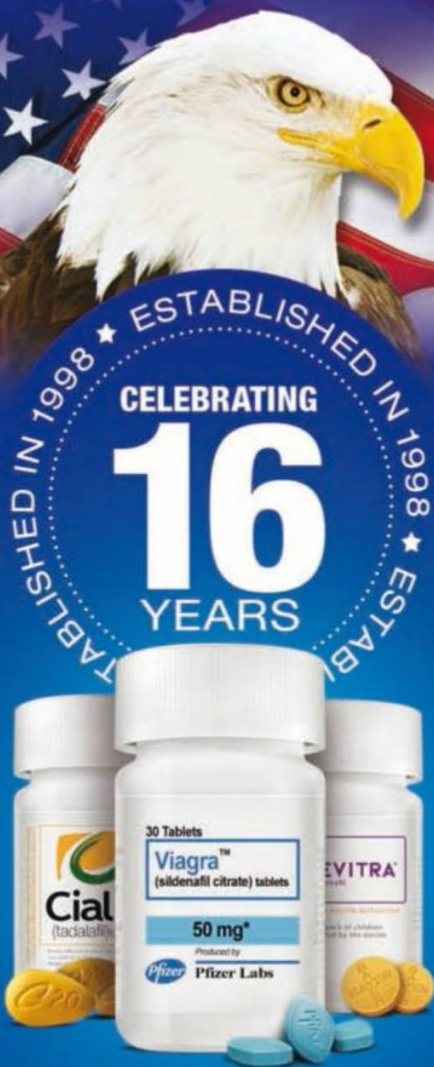
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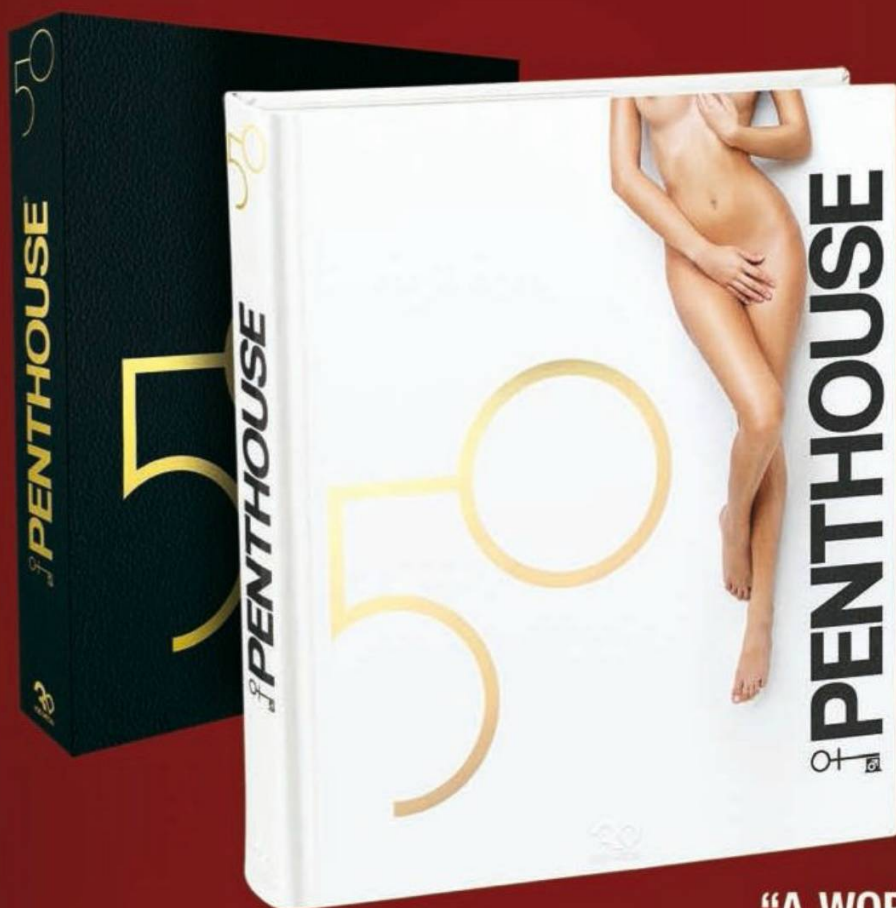
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FULL FRONTAL



THE NEED FOR SPEED



Timing-wise, *Furious 7* follows *Tokyo Drift*, with Dominic and crew returning home after defeating Owen Shaw. But their downtime quickly ends when Shaw's big brother (Jason Statham) shows up seeking revenge. The *Fast & Furious* movies have a weird way of getting better with every installment—and this time, there's the added pressure of living up to Paul Walker's legacy, so you know they're going to go big. Case in point: Director James Wan says they dropped cars out of a plane for one scene. Buckle up.

By Kara Wahlgren

QUICK PICKS

SOUNDS



Snoop Dogg

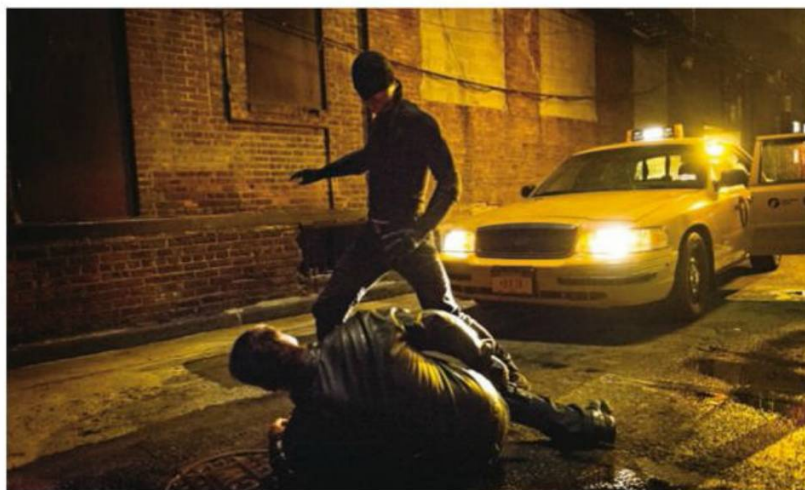
Over the past five years, Snoop has delivered in some unexpected ways—collaborating with Katy Perry, forming a funk duo, converting to Rastafarianism and changing his name to Snoop Lion—but the one thing he *hasn't* done is make a rap album. This spring, with *Bush*, he's back to doing what he does best. Pharrell is producing and Stevie Wonder is making an appearance, so we can pretty much guarantee you'll be hearing it all summer.



Faith No More

Back in 2009, Faith No More reunited after a decade-long hiatus to play a few European festivals—which ultimately stretched into a four-year reunion tour. Now the band is back in full force, with a North American tour kicking off this month and a new album, *Sol Invictus*, right behind it. They dropped the pissed-off single “Motherfucker” late last year, and we’re expecting the rest of the album to be even more epic (sorry, but we just couldn’t resist).

TV



Daredevil

Daredevil is Marvel's latest offering for the small screen, with Charlie Cox starring as the blind lawyer who moonlights as a superhero. The 13-episode Netflix series is actually the first in a string of five new Marvel projects, and reportedly will be followed by shows centered on Jessica Jones, Iron Fist, and Luke Cage, and ultimately a *Defenders* miniseries. Comic-book fans, get ready to binge.

The Messengers

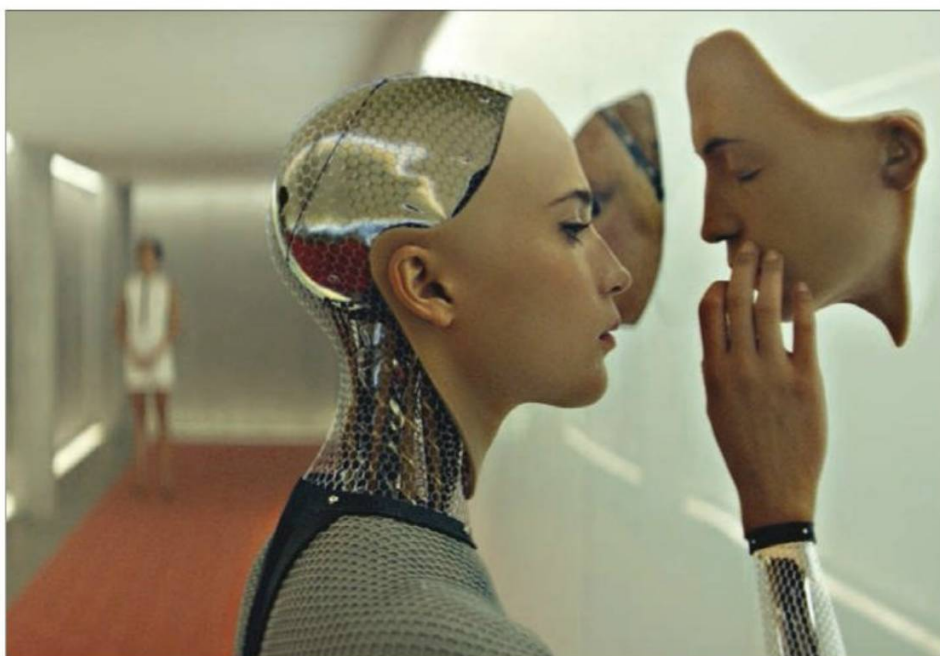
In this apocalyptic drama on the CW, five strangers collapse after a mysterious object plummets to Earth, then reawaken with superpowers. Oh, and now they're basically in charge of preventing the end of days. The cast includes the gorgeous Sofia Black-D'Elia and Shantel VanSanten, along with Diogo Morgado as a mysterious reaper-ish figure known only as the Man. Even if it fails to live up to its otherworldly potential, at least there's eye candy.



Lip Sync Battle

Unless you're living under a rock—specifically a rock with no Wi-Fi signal—you've probably seen the viral lip-sync battles on *The Tonight Show With Jimmy Fallon*. Now that bit is getting expanded into a ten-episode series on Spike TV, with celebs going head-to-head in a silent sing-off. LL Cool J is hosting.

FLICKS



Ex Machina

Alex Garland, who wrote and produced *28 Days Later*, makes his directorial debut with this stylish sci-fi thriller. Domhnall Gleeson stars as Caleb, a programmer who wins the chance to spend a week in the mountains with Nathan, his company's CEO. When he arrives, he finds out he'll be evaluating the humanness of Nathan's pet project, a ridiculously hot robot named Ava. But as Ava helps Caleb uncover sordid secrets about his boss, he has to figure out whether to trust the creator or the creation. If you think it *sounds* like a mind fuck, just wait until you see it.



Get Hard

In this odd-couple comedy, Will Ferrell plays a businessman facing hard time for tax evasion. Kevin Hart plays his streetwise friend who's tasked with prepping him for prison life. With anyone else in the leading roles, we would expect the worst—cue the cringe-worthy stereotypes—but Ferrell and Hart both have a knack for pulling off insane premises.

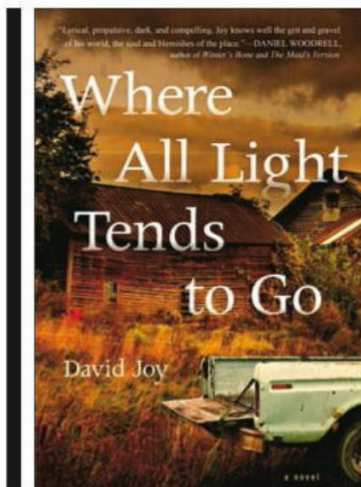
DVDs



Interstellar

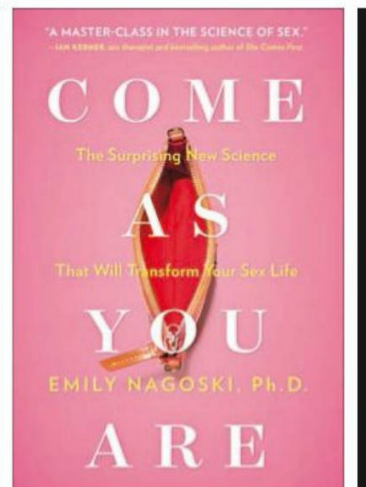
In this big-budget sci-fi flick, Matthew McConaughey stars as an astronaut sent through a wormhole to scope out a new home for the residents of an increasingly uninhabitable Earth. The Blu-ray combo pack is loaded with extras, including featurettes on everything from dust storms and zero-G simulation to tesseracts and creating the film's stellar special effects. As a bonus, for a limited time, the combo pack will also include a film cell from an original IMAX print of the film.

READS



Where All Light Tends to Go

If *Breaking Bad* and *Winter's Bone* mated, you'd end up with something resembling this novel from David Joy about a teenager from a meth-dealing family who botches a murder and has to choose between family loyalty and fleeing with his girlfriend. Needless to say, it's not exactly a light read.

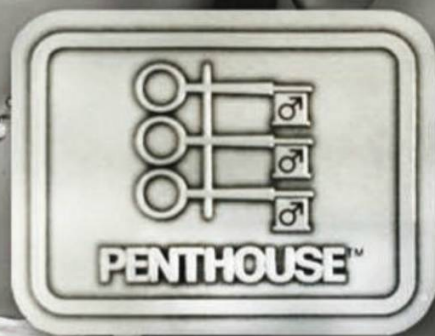


Come As You Are

Emily Nagoski's book sheds light on the complexities of female sexuality—everything from anatomy to arousal. While it's meant to help women understand and increase their own sexual pleasure, a little insider info can only benefit you in the bedroom, right?

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BOOST YOUR BONER

These testosterone-boosting tips can help increase your muscle—and your manhood.

By Joe Vennare

Think back to your teenage years—the days when you didn't have a care in the world beyond homework, high school football, and getting laid after the homecoming dance. Of course getting laid was at the very top of that list. It wasn't a matter of *if* you were going to get lucky, either—just when and where.

Now, my friend, think of those high school halls like a game of pinball. The lockers and jocks are the bumpers—the barriers to the babes—and the majority of female students are the flippers, batting you around like the sex-crazed, testosterone-filled ball that you are. Stay strong, stud. In time, given the right combination of luck and skill, you'll hit the highly sought-after target on the board and find the right hole.

The thing is, back then you had the energy, interest, and ability to stay the course. Being in the mood wasn't a thing, because you were never *not* in the mood. And getting it up was not a cause for concern—keeping it down was the real issue.

Turning our attention back to the present day, we find the tables have turned. Now, getting a hard-on may be the hardest part of your day. There was a time when sex was a stress

reliever; now it's a source of stress. All because your little buddy is letting you down.

But you can't blame him. There are likely a number of factors at play here. For starters, testosterone levels decline about one percent per year after the age of 30. And some 30 percent of men between the ages of 40 and 79 suffer from a condition known as hypogonadism, or androgen deficiency. While medical standards place healthy testosterone levels at 500 to 700 ng/dL (nanograms per deciliter), men with low testosterone come in below 300 ng/dL.

Couple the natural effects of aging with the poor decisions you make about what you eat, how much you exercise, and your overall lack of sleep, and it's pretty clear that you've played a role in precipitating this failure to launch.

Thankfully, there's still hope for you—hope that doesn't call for a boner pill that comes with a lengthy list of side effects. I'm talking about tweaking what you eat and how you exercise to naturally boost testosterone levels, which in turn fights fatigue, weight gain, and disinterest in sex. A good diet and exercise plan are key to building rock-hard arms, abs, and everything else. This is how you hack your hormones.





GARBAGE IN, GARBAGE OUT

Think of your body as a luxury sports car. You wouldn't try to fuel a Porsche with kerosene and expect it to function. Similarly, your body won't perform at optimal efficiency if you're filling it with fake, processed foods.

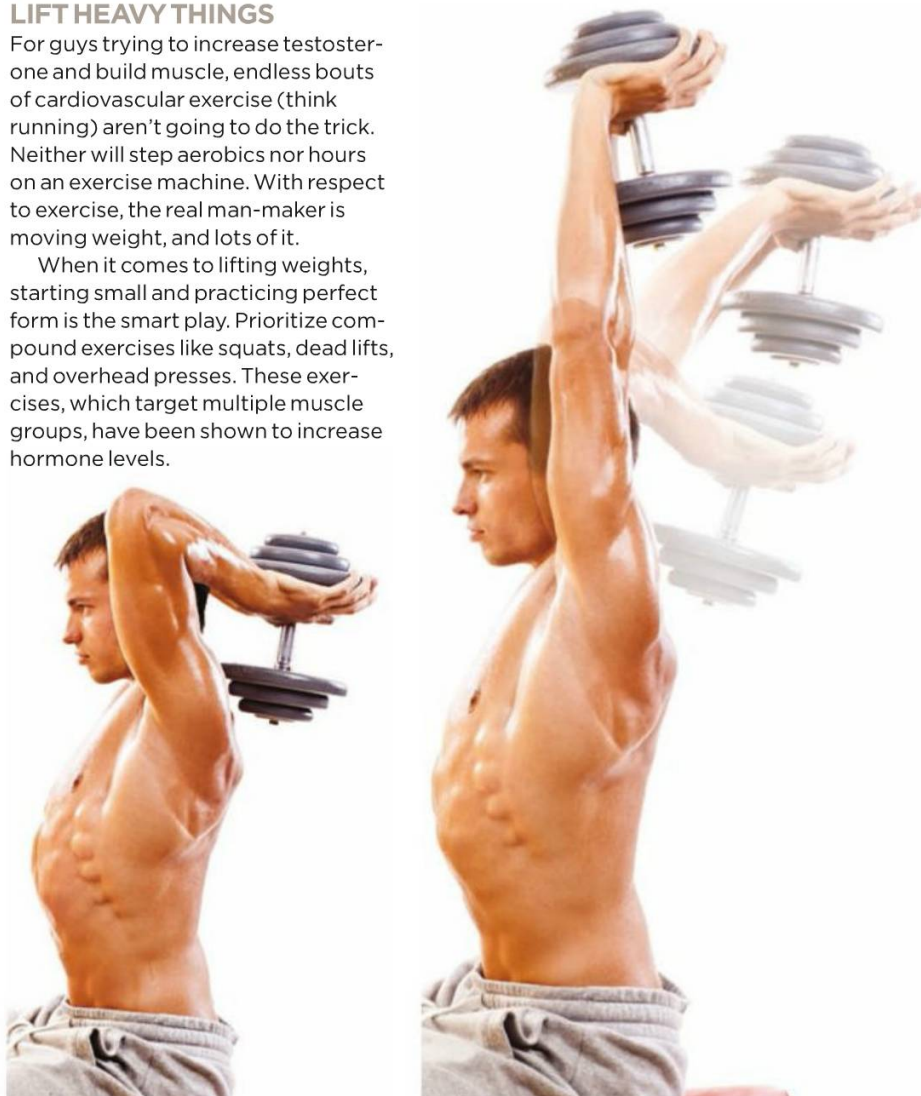
From now on, set your sights on eating *more* fat and a moderate amount of protein and carbohydrates. Yes, I said "fat." It may seem counterintuitive, but we're talking about healthy, high-quality fats of the all-natural, grass-fed, and hormone-free variety, so feel free to feast on foods like bacon, eggs, steak, avocados, and nuts.

And don't forget to eat your vegetables, especially broccoli, cauliflower, and cabbage, as they've been shown to lower estrogen levels, thereby protecting testosterone.

LIFT HEAVY THINGS

For guys trying to increase testosterone and build muscle, endless bouts of cardiovascular exercise (think running) aren't going to do the trick. Neither will step aerobics nor hours on an exercise machine. With respect to exercise, the real man-maker is moving weight, and lots of it.

When it comes to lifting weights, starting small and practicing perfect form is the smart play. Prioritize compound exercises like squats, dead lifts, and overhead presses. These exercises, which target multiple muscle groups, have been shown to increase hormone levels.





RUN AT TOP SPEED


Remember how we said that, in this case, running wasn't the right form of exercise? Well, let's clarify. Running long distances isn't the top choice for testosterone seekers. Sprinting is the solution to supercharged hormones.

Try this: Perform 10 to 15 50-yard sprints, one day each week. Approximate the distance and mark it off with cones, then sprint all out from start to finish. Walk back and repeat.



RELAX

It's certainly true that sleep is essential to overall health. But what you might not know is that poor sleep sucks testosterone from our bodies. Research published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* shows that lack of sleep can result in a 15 percent decrease in testosterone levels. If that's not reason enough to start sleeping more, I don't know what is.

Since altering diet and exercise habits tends to be quite the chore, start here—with sleep—and work your way backward to boost your boner by way of healthier habits. 

CONTROL TWEAKS

Four devices that put you in charge • By Crispin Boyer



■ Bionic Bird

XTIM • \$139

Billed as the first “friendly drone,” this featherweight flying machine employs biomimicry to swoop and soar more than 300 feet from your position. In other words, it flaps its wings like a bona fide bird. During flight tests, real-life raptors actually interacted with the Bionic Bird—and even attacked it. Fortunately, the drone’s foam body and carbon-fiber wings can withstand rough landings and a tough pounce from the neighbors’ cat. But the Bionic Bird’s finest feature is its iPhone control app, which handles tricky flying conditions automatically and lets you guide your bird with the greatest of ease simply by tilting your device. Planned upgrades include a new tail for hover capabilities, and a real-time camera for spying as you swoop.



■ Muse headband

Interaxon • \$299

Many brain-reading headbands promise telepathic powers over your games or devices; the Muse band, on the other hand, looks inward, giving you control over your own state of well-being. Sensors scan your gray matter’s electrical impulses and transmit that data via Bluetooth to your Apple or Android device. Using sound cues (crashing waves for success; brash white noise for failure), the Calm app trains you to quiet your mind in meditation sessions that last as little as three minutes. Health benefits include lower stress levels, boosted concentration, improved productivity, and better sleep.



■ BT Button Series

Satechi • \$25 to \$30 each

This trio of smart-but-simple buttons gives you control over your phone or tablet when it’s inconveniently out of reach (while you’re driving, jogging, commuting, etc.). Made of aluminum and powered for two years by a CR2016 watch battery, each button links to your Apple or Android device via Bluetooth and handles a variety of functions. The BT Media Button controls track selection and volume. The BT Shutter Button triggers the device’s camera for group photos and selfies. The BT Home Button can be programmed to activate Siri, answer calls, or access traffic reports and other apps. Each button comes with a key-chain attachment and a 3M adhesive strip so you can stick it to your car dashboard, monitor stand, or any other convenient spot.



■ Switch

iDevices • \$50

This “smart plug” is one of the debut devices compatible with Apple’s HomeKit line of connected-casa contraptions. Each Switch links to an app on your iPhone or iPad (Android devices are not supported). Its most basic functions let you control lights remotely or put them on a timer. Add more HomeKit devices, and you can formulate complex scenarios, such as dimming your bedroom lights when you play a romantic tune, or powering up your coffeemaker when the morning alarm goes off. Unlike other smart-home gadgets, the Switch connects directly to your device via Bluetooth or Wi-Fi.

This Is How To Walk the Walk

*The must-have men's accessory once carried by kings, presidents, barons and billionaires is back—and can be yours for **ONLY \$49!***

They call walking the “perfect exercise.” It gets your heart pumping, clears your head and fills your lungs with fresh air. Not bad, but we found a way to make it even better. Before you take your next 10,000 steps, add a little strut to your stroll. Take the **Stauer Gentleman's Walking Stick** anywhere and I promise that you'll feel like a conquering hero. Heads will turn. Doors will open. Its powers will astound you.

What's the secret? Pure class. Our **Stauer Gentleman's Walking Stick** is a tip of the top hat to turn-of-the-century tradition. Today, serious collectors gladly pay thousands for rare and handcrafted sticks from the 19th century. But only Stauer can deliver a modern version of this vintage classic—that looks and feels as good as the original—for **ONLY \$49!**

Sticks that make a statement. For centuries, no respectable man was seen in public without a walking stick by his side. They were as indispensable as a fine tailored suit or fancy moustache. Well-heeled men “wore” them as symbols of power and prestige, using elaborately decorated staffs to help navigate trails, dispatch opponents or conceal gadgets and contraband. Simply put, they were the must-have accessory for any sharp-dressed man on the move.

The ultimate travel companion. Hold it once and you can feel that it's not some hollow imitation. Our **Gentleman's Walking Stick** is crafted from a solid shaft of imported Sheesham (Indian Rosewood) and finished with layers of black lacquer. The rounded, knob-style head has serious weight and the silver-finished brass features an elegant engraved design that adds flair while improving your grip. And a black rubber tip steadies your stance on all sorts of surfaces from dirt and asphalt walkways to marble floors and Persian rugs.

Your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed. Try the Stauer **Gentleman's Walking Stick** risk-free for two months. If you're not convinced that it adds sophistication to your stride, simply send it back within 60 days for a complete refund of your purchase price. But we're betting that after your first step with this stick, you'll never walk alone again!

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AUTOMOTIVE STREAMLINING

This re-creation of a remarkable race car from the 1950s is flat-out magic.

By Jonathan Ward

Back in the early 1950s, the Grand Prix was dominated by circuit heavyweights Ferrari and Maserati. When Mercedes decided to return to Grand Prix racing in 1954, the Rennabteilung (Mercedes's racing department) really shook things up by introducing the futuristic and voluptuously beautiful W196R. But the W196R did not rely on its good looks alone. In fact, it was driven to victory by two underappreciated legends, Stirling Moss and Juan Manuel Fangio, in nine out of the 12 races in which it was entered in 1954 and '55. Mercedes engineers constantly modified and made changes to the design throughout these two seasons, and a total of 14 were constructed, each unique in its own way. (You want one? Forget about it. Only one has sold in recent history, going to an unidentified bidder in 2013 for just under \$30 million.)



The story of this fabled W196R Monza streamliner re-creation takes us forward to 2009, to a man who would not take no for an answer ... and to a series of chance events. Hermann Sommersell, an erudite art dealer and impeccably dressed country gentleman, had always revered Mercedes-Benz cars as perfect examples of rational engineering. In 2009, his fun Sunday driver was an innocuous-

looking 300E-24, a notoriously unforgiving animal on the road. One pleasant afternoon while taking this sedan for a cruise, Sommersell got into a collision orchestrated by some insurance scammers. Somehow, that foiled hustle ended with Sommersell being able to retain his badly damaged car. Whereas most people would have junked it, Sommersell saw a unique opportunity. He decided to have his



Mercedes mechanic dismantle it and use all the undamaged mechanical parts to build his dream Benz: his very own W196R.

Since each factory racer was unique, Sommersell scaled his replica up about ten percent in size to give it better road manners. But Sommersell was not trying to build a mere replica: He was adamant that his design should incorporate the classic elements that defined the original race cars. He employed a network of skilled English craftsmen located in "Motorsport Valley," around Northampton in the United Kingdom, and never spoke a word of his project until it was fully realized.

While the look of Sommersell's W196R re-creation is purely vintage, the drive is not. Just like the original, the driver sits firmly in the center of the car with his legs comfortably splayed out. However, with its precision-built tubular chassis and all that contemporary Mercedes mechanical goodness, the drive is surprisingly modern and nimble. The large vintage steering wheel keeps it real by uniting you with the road's sur-


face. The 260-horsepower straight-six engine makes great burbling sounds out of the two stacked side-exhaust pipes, sounds that turn into a satisfyingly vicious snarl as you manipulate the gas pedal up to the 7,000 rpm redline limit. The car is light enough to steer with the throttle, yet docile enough to take out for a mellow cruise—if you can get your foot to behave in a mellow fashion.

This car has a presence that's hard to define. When I saw its raw burnished-aluminium body, tartan-plaid seat, vintage spoked wheels, and specially designed classic gauges, I immediately pictured myself in some cool, old racing goggles and leathers, blazing down a quiet country road.

Ever since Sommersell went public with his re-creation, the car has been causing quite the stir. He's been invited to display it at many notable events throughout Europe, such as Silverstone and Goodwood, and the Cholmondeley hill climb. But perhaps most impressive, it has a semipermanent display space at the famed Brooklands racetrack, located in the heart of the Mercedes-Benz

World. Considering that Mercedes generally does not like to see replicas of its cars, that speaks volumes of the quality, grace, and design of this driving work of art.

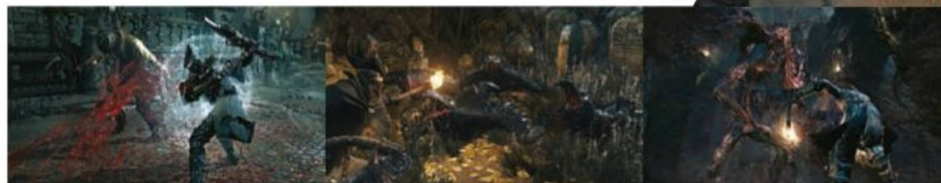
It's virtually as powerful as the original, and was recently fielded against full-blown Grand Prix machinery, with Sommersell's driver, Ed McDonough, able to secure fourth place overall.

And this is just the beginning for Sommersell and his newly launched business, Streamliner Motor Company. Further variations, including a very pretty two-passenger version, are under construction and/or in development. Sommersell encourages his clients to commission a vehicle that best suits their individual taste, but no matter what they pick, their car won't come cheap. These street-legal legends will range from \$200,000 to \$500,000. 



GAME OF THE MONTH

By Crispin Boyer



■ Bloodborne

Sony Computer Entertainment (PS4)

You don't know his name, but you know—and probably love to loathe—his games. Hidetaka Miyazaki, director of the beautifully brutal *Demon's Souls* and *Dark Souls* titles, is the patron saint of the broken joypad. Death lurked around every corner in his frustrating-but-fun fantasy adventures, which became sleeper hits due to their old-school intensity and new-school presentation.

Now Miyazaki is readying *Bloodborne*, an action-roleplaying game similar in many ways to the *Souls* titles, and yet a brand-new franchise exclusive to the PlayStation 4. The game is set in the perpetually gloomy, plague-afflicted city of Yharnam. Deranged mobs and disease-mutated monstrosities roam the streets. Fail to master the game's swordplay and sorcery, and you won't make it 20 paces.

Despite its gothic atmosphere and unyielding enemies, *Bloodborne* isn't quite as cruel as the *Souls* games. For starters,

your character can wield archaic guns as well as bladed weapons. Although you can't block enemy attacks, you have a dodge move that propels you to safety when the bad guys creep too close. The added combat options make it easier to avoid a sticky end when you're caught in a monster mob. A cooperative online mode drops a friend into the mix so you can share the burden or just compare your arsenal of upgradable weaponry.

When you get sick of city life, look down. A vast underground sprawls beneath the streets of Yharnam, offering a sort of game within the game. Access catacombs by performing rituals at special sealed entrances. Plumb the depths for loot, then reset and change each dungeon's layout and treasures by repeating the ritual. Beware: The realm below is even more dangerous than the one above. Keep some spare joypads handy.


GAME CHANGER



■ Forge TV

Razer • \$100

Most media streamers let you play simple games with their remote controls, but Razer's Forge TV is one of the first set-top boxes built for gamers who also want to stream the occasional movie or TV show. Billed as a "micro-console," the device's quad-core processor is punchy enough to run the newer console-worthy Android games at 1,080p resolution. It comes with one controller, and you can connect up to three more for local-multiplayer gaming.

Like any good media streamer, Forge TV also supports the usual flick-sharing services (Hulu, Netflix, Amazon, etc.), yet it costs about the same as most competing set-top boxes. It's true that most Android games lack the depth and wow factor that hard-core gamers crave, but Forge TV goes a step further by letting you stream games from your PC in one room to your TV in another room via your home Wi-Fi connection with no perceptible lag. An optional Turret "lapboard" keyboard completes the PC-gaming experience. 




CHEATING TO WIN

Do you have good reason to suspect your girlfriend of cheating? Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you the best way to take advantage of the situation.

My fiancée went to her best friend's bachelorette party in Las Vegas a couple of weeks ago, and things have seemed really off since then. We've always had a great relationship, but she's been acting super into me. She tells me that she loves me ten times a day, texts hot nude pics when she never used to do things like that, and has been trying to make my favorite things for dinner. (That's *really* not like her—the girl doesn't cook.) I'm not naive, but is there any chance that while they were celebrating she got really excited about our upcoming marriage and now she appreciates me more?

Nope. That's the bad news. Now, here's some great news: Your fiancée cheated on you during her girls' trip to Vegas. The prevailing opinion is that infidelity is a deal breaker for anyone with healthy self-esteem. Well, screw convention. Reframe how you think about two-timing, and this could be the best thing to happen to your sex life ever.

My motto is: Cheat first or cheat worse. Since she broke the deal, you now have the right to bang around like your life is spring break. Do not make the mistake of letting her know you're aware of her indiscretion. Take it slow and make the most of your situation. Stay out late. Approach the hottest women you see with all the confidence in the world. You're not a desperate singleton; you could take it or leave it. Women love that type of swagger. If it doesn't pan out, so what? You've got plan B waiting at home.

As for her, she'll be anxious. She's dying to admit her slipup and ease her conscience. Once she finally breaks, you've got the upper hand in the relationship. If she cares about you—and it sounds like she does—she'll be desperate to save your now-fragile relationship. That means she'll be extra eager to please. Consider this a sexual gift. Whatever she wouldn't do in the bedroom before is no longer off-limits, because she wants to prove her love. Or win you back. Or stop you from revenge-fucking her best friends. Actually, does she have a hot friend you've been dying to fuck? This could be your big chance to be the meat in that hot-girl sandwich. 



WHERE THERE'S SMOKE...



... there's mescal, tequila's robust cousin, which is as complex as fine Scotch.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

My first time drinking mescal almost doubled as the last. I was on a bad-idea road trip to Mexico with buds. We were flat broke, piloting a minivan with a faulty stick shift. No one spoke Spanish. Those warning signs weren't heeded. But we paid attention to the hurricane.

As we reached Mexico, rain blasted our van like horizontal bullets. "The border is closing in two hours," the immigration official declared. We sped into Mexico, finding roads shin-deep with water.

Returning to America was the smart move. However, I needed a keepsake. Like booze. We splashed into a liquor store, grabbing bottles of mescal, tequila's smoky cousin. Afterward, we hightailed it to a Texas hotel and safety. To celebrate we shot mescal (complete with worm). Before the bottles ran dry, we began praying to the toilet bowl. The next morning I swore off mescal forever.

As with most hungover pledges, this one was broken. Mescal, as I happily discovered, is more than a worm-filled ride to inebriation. (The "worm" is a moth larva that lives inside the

agave plant.) Crafted with care, and according to centuries-old Mexican traditions, mescal can be as multifaceted as cognac and Scotch.

To start, all tequila is mescal, but not all mescal is tequila. Both tequila and mescal are made from the spiky agave plant's pineapple-shaped heart, the piña. Unlocking its fermentable sugars requires cooking. With tequila, which can only be produced in the Jalisco state and several select regions, the piña—specifically of the blue-agave species—is steam-cooked in an aboveground oven. Conversely, mescal, which is primarily produced in the southern state of Oaxaca, can come from a medley of agave plants. Moreover, the piñas spend up to a week roasting in wood-fired underground pits. The result is sort of like smoky Islay Scotch on a Mexican vacation.

I like sipping robust mescal straight, like Scotch. Descriptors such as "smoky" are simple, but mescal's profile is less in line with a roaring campfire than with dried chipotles or roasted green peppers and coffee beans. It's a great spirit to start the evening or finish the night.

These four mescals will rock you like a hurricane.

SOMBRA MEZCAL

For a fun riff on the Bloody Mary, use this small-batch Oaxacan mescal made from organically grown agave. The see-through spirit rocks plenty of smoky heat, but bright citrus and a vein of sweetness balance Sombra. It's also excellent sipped solo.

PIERDE ALMAS DOBADAÁN

Made from agave that takes up to 12 years to ripen, the unaged mescal unveils a complex aroma of salt and earth, minerals and fruit. When sipped, the high-proof spirit (around 100) blooms with fruit and cloves; smoke lingers on the tongue.

ILEGAL AÑEJO

To stock his Guatemalan bar, John Rexer smuggled primo mescal from Mexico. Law-breaking eventually became a business, and now Ilegal is, well, legal. Try the rich, full-bodied Añejo, which ages 13 months in oak. A citrusy nose leads to a smoke-wrapped package of toffee, tobacco, and chocolate.

DEL MAGUEY TOBALA

Founded by artist Ron Cooper, Del Maguey specializes in organic mescals sourced from a single village. It's crafted from rare wild agave from shady, high-altitude climates, making it lush, salty, and smoky, shot through with cinnamon and tropical fruit. 





DI

THE ONE-THIRTY

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IN THE 'HOUSE

Our celebrity guest this month is singer/producer Ty Dolla \$ign, known for his *Beach House* releases. Interview by Raphie Aronowitz • Photographs by Andy Hartmark



It might seem predictable—or even cliché—that a prominent personality in the urban music scene like Ty Dolla \$ign would gravitate toward depicting hot chicks smoking weed, or wrestling around while oiled up in a girl fight, but we defy anyone to say they would have predicted that the images would be so artistic and scintillating.

Maybe this month we should dub this pictorial “Pot Shots.”



Did you have a personal connection to the magazine growing up?

I heard of *Penthouse*, of course. Growing up, I think I found some of my dad's one time.

Have you ever done anything like this before?

I have, but I haven't released it yet. I have some shit coming, though.

You do? A nude photo shoot?

Yeah.

Tell me about it.

I can't talk about it.

Okay, we'll talk about this project.

What were you going for?

I didn't want to just have a super-ratchet photo shoot. If you notice, my music is kind of straight up, you know. And I didn't want the pictures to be so straight up. All my videos are hella artsy. The song is talking about some crazy shit, but the pictures and the videos are tasteful.

Why is that?

Because that's the way it is in life. What people do is, they will sell you a dream and make it seem like it's all good. But in real life, they're real ratchet. What I like to do is reverse that. I just tell you exactly what it is, but then I'll show you the real visual of everything being perfect.

Expose the bullshit without being the bullshit.

Exactly.

What do you look for in a girl?

Shit. Just swag, really. Being confident. There are a lot of cute girls out there who aren't sure of themselves and that makes it too easy. I like it when a girl knows exactly what she is. Then it might be a challenge ... but it might not be.

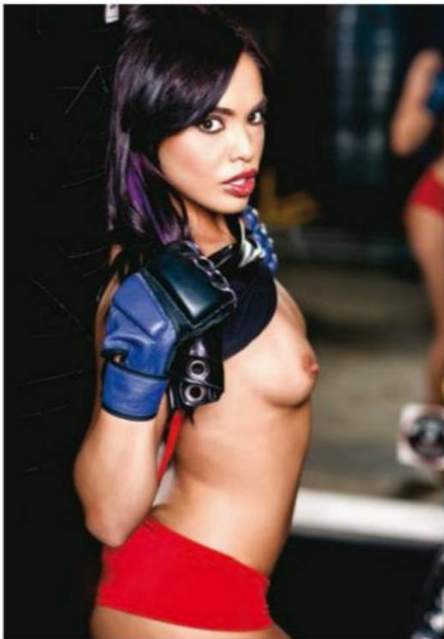
Do you have a particular type?

[Sings] "I ain't got no type. Bad bitches is the only thing that I like." You feel me? I'll fucks with all different races, all different sizes. Maybe not too big, maybe not too small. I just like all women.

Even the more traditional models you see represented in mainstream media?

I like them, too ... on those types of days. I'm not gonna lie: I'm a single man and I'm not looking for love, but one day it's gonna happen. I'm not





hiding from it, either. Right now I'm definitely on my turn-up and I like all the different flavors. Compare it to a box of Crayola crayons. I like them all.

Any deal breakers? What would it take for a girl to turn you off?

If the coochie stink-stink, then of course I'm not fucking with her. If the breath stinks, I'm not fucking with her. If her nails are fucked up and dirty, I'm not fucking with her. I just like a woman to take care of herself and smell good. Oh. If she ain't got no job, I ain't fucking with her either. I don't like broke bitches.

What exactly were you looking for when you cast Sophie Dee and Selena Santana as the models for the shoot?

For me it's face first, so if you have a beautiful face, I'm fucking with you. Sophie and Selena definitely won as far as the face goes. And then the body comes next. Something about Sophie, probably the eyes.... She just gets you.

Yeah, those eyes.

Just a thick, beautiful white girl with blue eyes and huge tits. That was cool. I think that's everybody's—a lot of people's—dream white girl. And Selena as well. Selena is just a fire-ass Latin chick. Beautiful. Nice body. They're both bad as shit. They holler at me.

What was your inspiration behind picking the set?

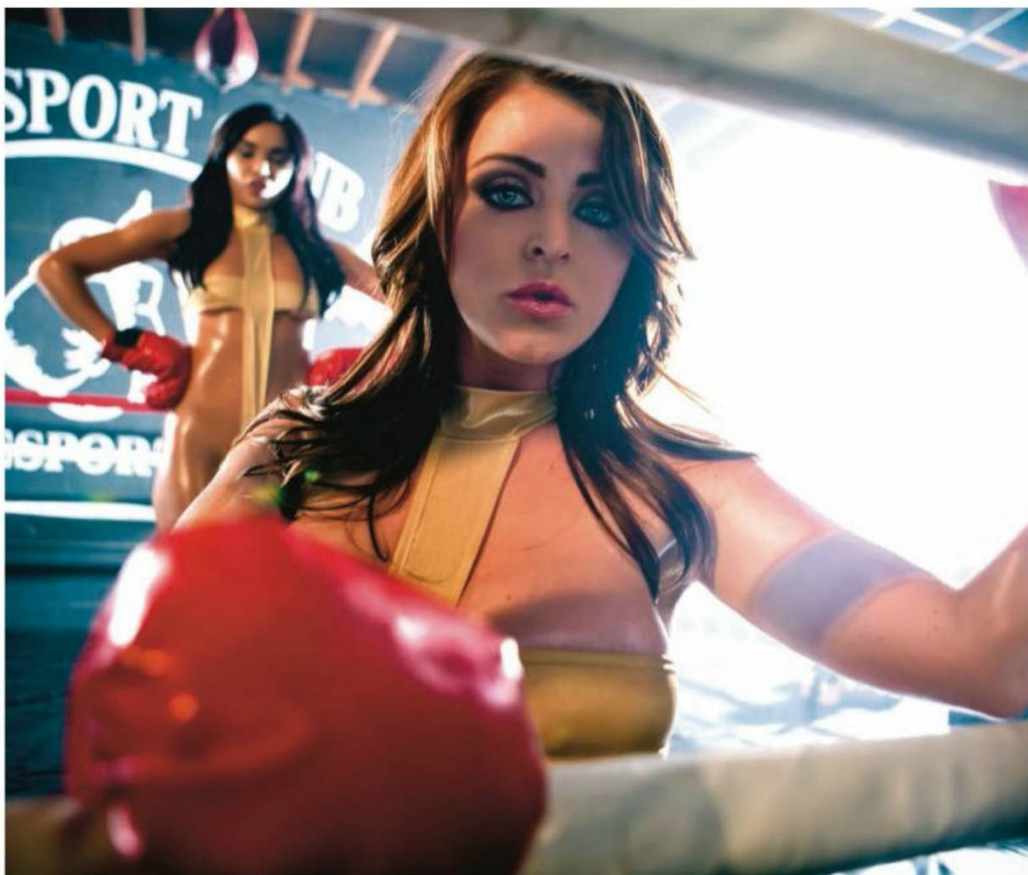
The weed shit definitely came from me. I'm looking into owning one of those shops, you know, and having some beautiful girls in the shop like that would probably be the everyday thing going on in there. I was like, fuck it, let's do this first, and I'll look into getting my license.

You weren't into the girl fight?

I'm into it; it's cool. They weren't really fighting, though. They got turned-up. They started pouring that oil on each other, that baby oil.

But the dispensary was more your speed.

It's definitely a reflection of me. It's all good to have the girls, but just imagine: hotel with the girls, or dispensary with the girls? I'm going to choose dispensary. I don't need the bed and all of that old-school shit. I'm down for the couch or the floor and the weed.





So your shoot actually gives people a glimpse into what you're all about.

If I weren't working so hard every day doing music, I would probably be just chilling out in my weed shop with some chicks, getting hella stoned and trying all the different flavors.

In hindsight, would you have done anything differently?

I probably would have cast at least four to five [models]. A Spanish, a white, an Asian, a black, a Middle Eastern or an Indian or something like that. Something fly. You know you got to have all the flavors in order for it to be complete.

Sure, but if budget weren't an issue?

Budget is never an issue for the Dolla \$ign. Excuse me?

The only bad thing was that I couldn't smoke inside, for the vibe. I was just talking about that with one of the homies yesterday. Everything that we do is based off if we can smoke or not. And I couldn't smoke in there, so that was kinda wack, but outside wasn't too far.

Did you hold anything back?

I definitely self-edited. I want my shit hella artistic and to get them blown up and have them hang in my crib, so right when you walk in my front door you can see them. And my daughter can walk in and see them, and my grandmother, and whoever else, and they still get the point. And it's clean, you know what I mean?

What's on the horizon for you professionally?

I have an album called *Free TC* coming out right before summer. And I got hella features dropping. God is great. I'm thankful. More tours coming. Festivals coming. Just more good music. Let's get it.

What's behind the title *Free TC*?

Free TC is dedicated to my little brother TC. He's locked up for a murder that he didn't do. It's not just him who's been [victimized by] injustice. I have other homies who are going through the same shit. All across America and in Mexico, in Canada, Africa, everywhere, and we just need to bring awareness to that shit. I'm going to take a lot of this money that I'm going to get from this album and put it toward a great team of lawyers and work on getting him out. That's about it.







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A Not-So-Square Meal

Meet Nonna Marijuana, Northern California's most delightful cook/medical-marijuana advocate—and rising internet star.

By Sarah Walker

Considering that 92-year-old Aurora Leveroni, aka Nonna Marijuana, has been whipping up marijuana-infused Italian fare since 2011 in support of her daughter's advocacy group WAMM (see sidebar), we're a little late to this party. But no matter. The gregarious spitfire happily shares her cooking tips, and even offered to pose for our magazine, saying, "I'll just put on a shirt that's open to my waist, and take out my dentures!"

Nonna recently starred in the first episode of *Bong Appetit*, a new Vice media Munchies show featuring videos and articles on weed cuisine.



How did you start cooking with pot?

In the early seventies, my daughter Valerie was in a car accident and started having grand mal seizures. She was on five different pharmaceuticals, which were not helping, and we found that marijuana did indeed control her seizures. Back then, marijuana was strictly forbidden, but it didn't matter to me and my husband. Our daughter's health was more important to us than the risk of going to jail.

Then a few years ago, Valerie suggested I start cooking with infused marijuana butter. I also make marijuana-butterleaf flour, which I use in brownies and cookies. I cook with [pot] specifically for those who have problems with their illness or their medication. If you have nausea and can't eat, marijuana will help you with that. If you can't sleep, or have pain, marijuana is absolutely Mother Nature's miracle medicinal leaf.

How do you gauge how much pot to put in your recipes?

When ingesting marijuana, it takes an hour to an hour and a half for it to take effect, so you have to be very cautious, and use common sense. For my recipes, I use one pound of organic butter to one ounce of bud, or two ounces of leaf. I do not partake, so I have taste-testers who help me, and they're usually patients of WAMM. When I cook with marijuana for someone else and I'm going to partake in the food, my share has plain butter and olive oil.

A kiddie meal!

[Laughs] An old kiddie meal!

What are some of your favorite dishes?

My family came from Lake Como, so my cooking is Northern Italian: butter, olive oil, and garlic, and not so much with *sugo*, or red sauce. I love risotto with saffron; I'll use marijuana butter for that. I also make stuffed zucchini, stuffed portobello mushrooms, stews, gnocchi, chicken, minestrone soup, and polenta—that's one of my very favorite dishes. It's a staple food, and it's filling. There isn't anything you can't cook when using marijuana.

Are you around a lot of stoned people?

The people I'm around are ill, and my cooking with marijuana is strictly for health reasons, not for pleasure. I want to make that clear. You would never know that these people are high.

What are your feelings on recreational pot?

I'm not against anyone smoking it for recreational purposes. You're never going to die from it, though you can die from prescription drugs. You can have all the prescription drugs you want and you can become an addict—and it's legal. But when you cook with marijuana and you get a little high, it's against the law. I just don't understand the concept of what's right according to the government. Marijuana needs to be legalized. Putting people in jail because they're trying to keep healthy and feel better is ridiculous.

Don't mess with Nonna!

I stand for what I believe in, and if I have to go to jail for it, so what? I'm a tough old girl.



Polenta With Red Sauce

Serves four

24 ounces of homemade or store-bought Italian red sauce
5 cups water or chicken broth
2 teaspoons salt
1/4 to 1/2 cup marijuana-infused butter (depending on potency of marijuana)
1 1/2 cups coarse polenta
1 pound Monterey Jack cheese
1/2 cup grated Parmesan, Romano, or Asiago cheese, or any combination of the three

In a large, heavy-duty pot, bring water or broth to a boil; lower heat and add salt and marijuana butter. Pour in the polenta from a pitcher in a steady stream, continually stirring with a whisk to prevent lumps, until well combined. As the polenta thickens, use a wooden spoon to stir every few minutes. If the polenta seems a little stiff, add a bit more water or broth and continue to stir.

Total cooking time should be about 40 minutes. The general rule of thumb is that when the polenta pulls away from the sides of the pot, it's done.

When the polenta is ready, spread three tablespoons of sauce on the bottom of a 9- by 13-inch baking dish. Using a very large spoon, spread the polenta over the sauce. Cut the Monterey Jack cheese into thin strips, then cover the polenta, pushing the cheese in slightly. Pour the rest of the sauce over the cheese-covered polenta. Sprinkle with grated cheese and cover with foil.

Place in an oven that's been preheated to 350 degrees and bake for 10 to 12 minutes.

Serve piping hot with red wine.

Baked Sea Bass

Serves four

1 two-pound whole sea bass, skin on, sans head and tail
8 small red or white potatoes
1 large carrot
2 stalks of celery
1 small yellow onion
1/8 teaspoon thyme
2 tablespoons marijuana-infused butter
2 tablespoons olive oil
1/4 cup dry white wine or water
1 15-ounce can tomato sauce
1 8-ounce bottle of clam juice or 1/2 cup of water

Place fish in an oval roasting pan and refrigerate prior to baking. Cut potatoes in half and boil until slightly firm and add to refrigerated fish.

Chop carrot, celery, onion, and thyme into small pieces and fry in a large pan in the marijuana-infused butter and olive oil on low heat, stirring often, for ten minutes. Add the tomato sauce, white wine or water, and clam juice, mixing well. Continue simmering on low heat for 15 minutes.

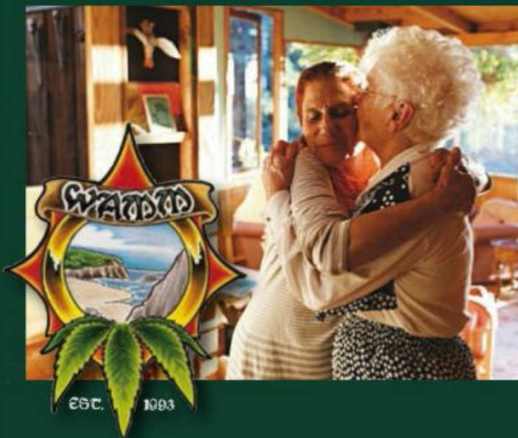
Remove fish and potatoes from fridge and sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, then pour tomato-sauce mixture over all, covering well. Put fish in an oven that's been preheated to 350 degrees and bake for 30 minutes.

Serve with your choice of wine and warm slices of buttered French bread.

Editor's note: Although it can be used as a spice, marijuana is most effective when heated and combined with fats like oil, butter, and cream. Also keep in mind that its effects take time, so consume in moderation. For Nonna's recipe for marijuana-infused butter, watch her *Bong Appetit* video at Munchies.Vice.com.

The Patron Saint of Green

WAMM grows and distributes organically grown marijuana and related products to more than 250 chronically and terminally ill members.



"I don't work with cannabis; I work with people," says Valerie Corral, Nonna Marijuana's daughter/motivation, and cofounder and director of WAMM (Wo/Men's Alliance for Medical Marijuana), based in Santa Cruz, California. In addition to distributing medical marijuana, Corral, who founded the organization in 1993 with her then-husband, does home visits for housebound patients, and for end-of-life care. "We also have weekly meetings," she says, "and a small space where people can come pick up their medicine. It's not a store or dispensary, but a collective, and we serve people whether they have money or not."

Many of WAMM's members smoke the medicinal pot grown in the collective's garden, but the organization has also created a line of cannabis oils that are applied under patients' tongues. "It's having an incredible effect on things like cancer and epilepsy," says Corral, "and we're seeing phenomenal outcomes." WAMM is very cautious, however, about producing candylike edibles. "Even though we present my mom and her cooking in a very lighthearted way, as an organization we're very careful about providing clear guidelines around the usage of cannabis. We don't want it to be attractive to kids."

Perhaps the biggest concern for medical-marijuana advocates like Corral is the looming presence of the pharmaceutical industry. "It's turned into a gold rush," she says. "It's not about service, but about financial gain." To pharmaceuticalize marijuana, Corral explains, is to open the gateway to genetic modification. "I don't think GM is the best medicine," she says, "but it's the best way to own medicine. But if the people don't want GM, then don't buy it. That's how we'll put those suckers out of business."

Weed Depot

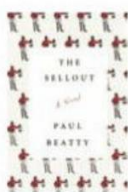
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Explosive Contents

Acclaimed author Paul Beatty riffs on race, politics, and “equal justice under law” in *The Sellout*, his hilarious, highly flammable new satire.

By John Bolster



Had we been granted a chunk of pages in this magazine to extol the virtues of Paul Beatty's uproarious new novel, *The Sellout*, we could've easily and gladly filled them—much as Beatty floods his 288-page racial satire with blistering comic flourishes while unspooling a picaresque tale of resegregation and re-enslavement that culminates in Supreme Court case 09-2606, *Me v. the United States of America*. But we've got just the one page, so we're going to get right to our recent conversation with Beatty, the critically acclaimed author of the novels *Slumberland*, *Tuff*, and *The White Boy Shuffle*, as well as the poetry volumes *Big Bank Take Little Bank* and *Joker, Joker, Deuce*.

It took me a while to get a bead on the main character in this book. Did you seek that elusiveness, or was it just a by-product of writing his story?

I once went to this thing in Brooklyn—Brooklyn Book Fair or something. I sat on some panel, and the woman [author] before me, they asked her, “Why do you write?” And she went, “Well, I write to bring the reader closer, and I want, you know, *communal*, and *blah blah blah*.” I thought, *Oh, man, I do the exact opposite*. I try to push the person as far away as possible.

You aim to alienate the reader?

I do it, but, hopefully, with love—I'm going to say. That's not necessarily what I mean, but you know that thing where you go, *Oh, I'm on the outside; I know what this is like*?

Sure. I think everyone's felt that at some point.

Then suddenly you're in the middle of it. You're like, *Oh, yeah. I've been here. I know this*.

So you could say it's a different means to the same end.

I don't know. It's just, the last thing I think about is accessibility, and making it easier. I just try not to do that. It's not like I'm trying to make it *difficult*. But it's just, this is the [character's] voice, and that's where I'm at.

Did you see that Gawker recently named your opening line from *The White Boy Shuffle* [1996] to its list of the 50 Best First Sentences in Fiction?

They did? That's nice of them. What's the opening line?

It's “Unlike the typical bluesy earthy folksy denim-overalls noble-in-the-face-of-cracker-racism aw shucks Pulitzer Prize-winning protagonist mojo magic black man, I am not the seventh son of the seventh son.”

That's not really the opening line, though.

It's not?

No, there's a line at the start of the prologue that I think of as the opening line—that's pretty funny though.



Well, is it fair to say that the protagonist in *The Sellout* has a similar credo? That he's not a clichéd, noble, Morgan Freeman type?

Yeah, anybody in my books has that credo, I think.

How important is it to you to construct a character as an individual as opposed to an archetype?

That's really important to me. I don't think about it, but I know that it's really important. For me, it's interesting to think about individuality in terms of archetypes. In terms of how I see shit, in terms of how people see me, and then kind of deconstruct it and put it back together.

Do you try to assert diversity within the black community, to push against its perception as monolithic?

Yeah, that's really big. But I don't know what any of these words mean. I know the *intent* of a lot of the words—diversity, pride, all this kind of shit. But it's kind of why I started writing—I read all this [African-American] literature that was fine, but for me there was something missing. It was a diversity in *sensibility* [that was missing], not so much in political views or anything like that—but a lack of humor, a lack of irony, a lack of self-parody. I used to always wonder, *How come this is never in fiction, or in poetry?* You see it in everyday life, and it also comes from within me—I'm never the same guy twice, and I have a ton of voices in my head. So how do I weave all these elements—for some people disparate ones, but not for me—how do I weave them all into this scheme that makes some sense?


Embrace the contradictions.

Yeah. I just read this book *The Nazi and the Barber*—have you heard of this?

No.

It's fucking so crazy. But there's this weird thing about satire, especially when it's about sensitive topics, people maybe don't always take it seriously as literature. But this *Nazi and the Barber* book is—it's about hypocrisy. There's nothing wrong with that. Hypocrisy is there. Contradiction is there. But everybody always *instantly*—if something contradicts itself—they automatically go, “Oh, that's false.” But these things exist at the same time.

Ambiguity is a huge part of life.

Absolutely. But people have a hard time dealing with ambiguity. You can't run for president being ambiguous—even though it's the most ambiguous fucking job in the world. 



ALEXANDER COLBY

For the past half century, *Penthouse* magazine has been a celebrated resource dedicated to honoring the raw appeal of the female form. Now we're once again showcasing the vision, work, and talent of emerging photographers.

Alexander Colby is a photographer and hairstylist in Queens, New York, whose body of work frequently appears in arts magazines. He usually works with burlesque performers, exotic models, musicians, and the upper echelon of the adult-entertainment community. He doesn't shoot only beautiful women, though—his photos of the gruesome undead richly illustrate J.M. Hewitt's critically acclaimed "self-help" guidebook *Zombie Eye for the Living Guy* (Marion Street Press; 2012). Colby is currently working on shooting a collection of images that pays tribute to some of the most iconic moments in popular culture from the past hundred years, and an epic visual love letter to 1970s British glam rock. We can't wait!



Colby shooting
Dagmar Vex

"Bob Guccione's body of work is genuinely iconic. There was an honesty to it that appealed to both genders. The models seemed empowered, and I clearly want that feel in my own stuff."



Tina Jane



Lily Larsen

What makes a good photo stand out?

Textures, vibrancy, and contrast. What makes a *great* photo stand out is its content, and that's dependent on a hundred things coalescing into something more than the sum of its parts.

How did you develop your photographic style?

By the time I got serious about photography, I'd had varying degrees of experience with theater and dance, welding and steel sculpture, drawing and painting, filmmaking, music, graphic design, and more. I'm really all over the place, but I can't deny that everything I've exposed myself to along the way informs and directs what I'm doing now.

How do you approach shooting erotic images?

I'm driven by a need to make people look and feel beautiful.

If someone gets turned-on along the way, that's great, but it's never the central intention.

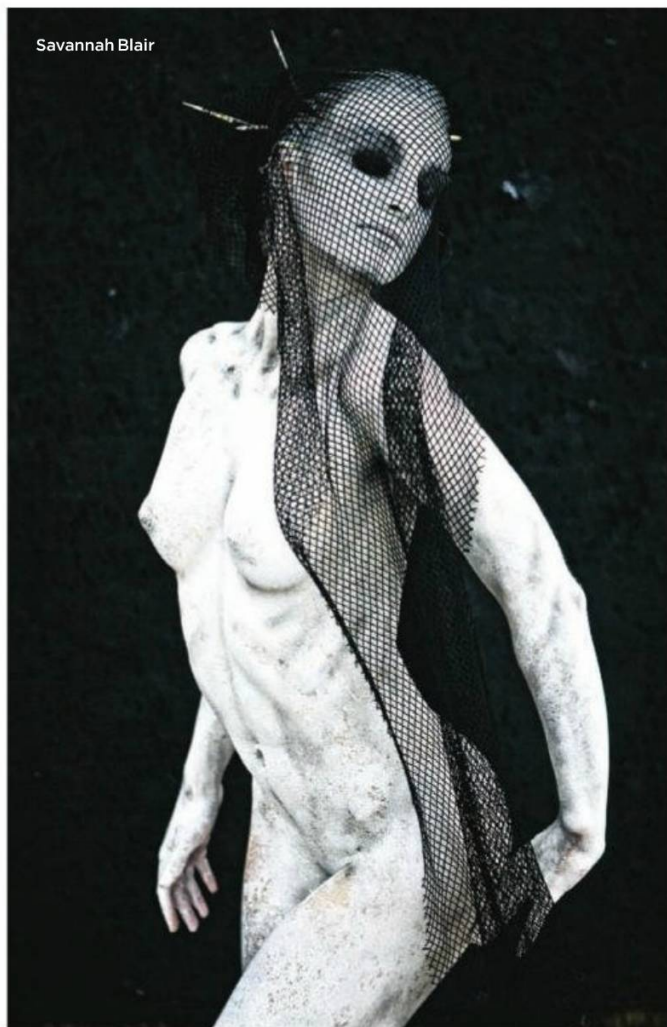
Going into any given shoot, I find it crucial to disconnect my libido while maintaining an appreciation for what's sexy. I think this nonthreatening disposition is disarming for my models and helps unlock the best work on both sides. That isn't to say that I'm immune to the intended effect, but if and when it happens, it's invariably well after the shoot itself—like, I'll be sifting through an old set long after the fact, and suddenly I'll be hit right in the junk with it for the first time. I love that zing.

Why did you submit these particular photos to *Penthouse*?

They spoke to me. I'm delighted by the ones that *Penthouse* selected, too. You guys chose a couple of my favorites that I considered to




Savannah Blair



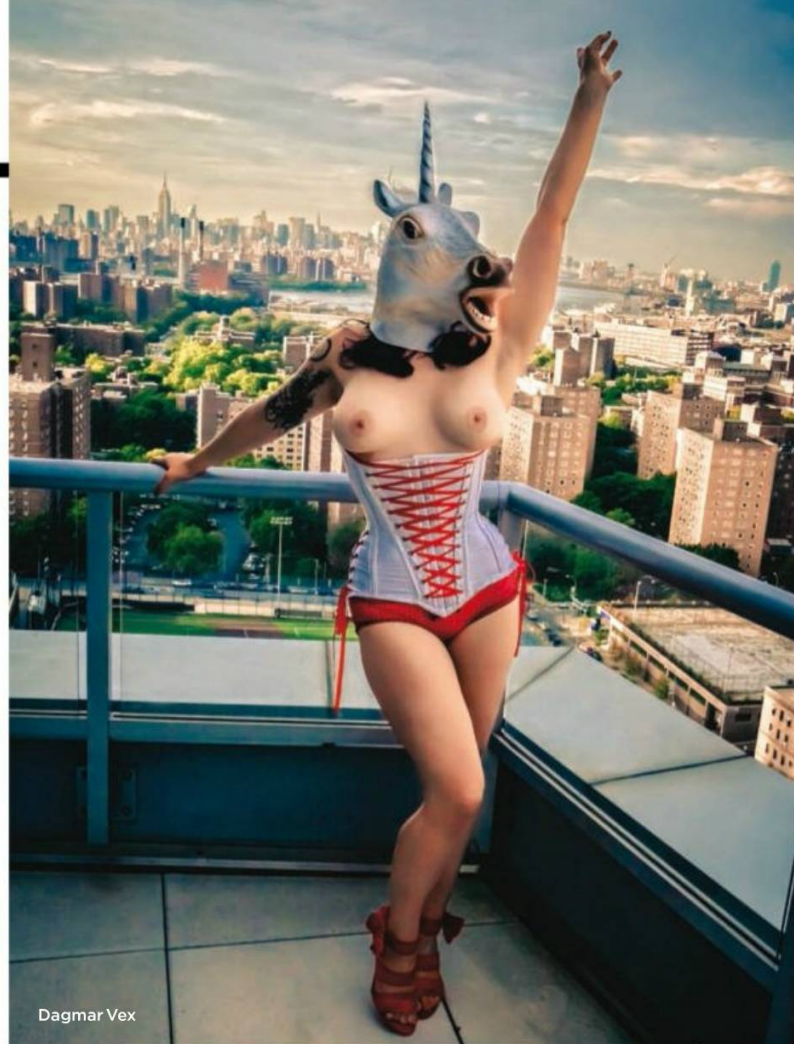
be long shots, including Dagmar Vex in the unicorn head.

What do you want viewers to take away from your work?

I'm grateful if anyone finds my stuff worth taking the time to view, but I'm happy if the viewer has any/all of the following inner dialogue while viewing my work:

- These images hit me where it counts. I love looking at this stuff.
- This person is stunning; this photographer has a good eye, reasonably decent skills, and a recognizable approach.
- Wow, do I wish I'd been there for this shoot. They must have been having a blast.
- I've made all the wrong choices in life, but it's not too late.
- This guy was totally worth his fee. Let's hire him again soon. 

Chiva



Dagmar Vex

Teresa Font



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Bounc Off the

Getting the jump on extreme pogo.

By Noah Davis
Photographs courtesy of
Xpogo.com

Perhaps the only thing more excellent than Tone Staubs's name is his profession. The 22-year-old from Danville, Ohio, makes his living as a pogo-stick jumper. That's right, the "Italian Stallion," as he's known on the Xpogo circuit, is the No. 1-ranked man in the world of extreme pogo-sticking, which is a real thing that you can make an actual living from.

It's a dream almost a decade in the making. When he was 13, Staubs saw a video of people bouncing, spinning, and flipping

Michael Mena in New York City, 2012

ing walls



Michael Mena in São Paulo, Brazil, 2013



Biff Hutchison in New York City, 2013



Chadd Dietz, Fred Grzybowski, and Nick McClintock in Kingston, Ontario, 2011



Nick McClintock in São Paulo, Brazil, 2012



Nick McClintock in Lantau Island, Hong Kong, 2012

on the sticks. He was hooked. "I made my mom take me to the toy store the next day and I picked up a crappy \$30 pogo stick. I just started imitating what I saw on the video. I never felt the urge to stop. Eventually I bought more expensive pogo sticks, practiced, and here I am now," he says.

One of the people Staubs saw on that ancient Myspace video might have been Nick Ryan, a cofounder and CEO of Xpogo. The creation myth for the fledgling sport dates back more than 15 years, to when Ryan and five other children of the *Tony Hawk's Pro Skater* generation thought they were creating a sport independent of one another. It was a time before social media and Facebook, but the like-minded innovators eventually found one another, and one of them built Xpogo.com, where they could share videos of their latest tricks. "In the beginning, it was pathetic. It was incredibly lame," Ryan says. "We would spend five hours a day bouncing three inches off the ground at nine years old in our parents' backyards. But we were inventing tricks, finding ways to twist the handlebars and grab the pegs."

The kids became teenagers and then young adults, and they improved

their equipment to keep pace with their budding skills, working with companies to build stronger, more durable pogo sticks that could jump eight, nine, ten feet into the air. Xpogo was born. Three and a half years ago, Ryan, chief creative officer Nick McClintock, and chief athletic officer Fred Grzybowski incorporated the company. In 2012, they began working full time on growing the sport. The trio, along with a few athletes who make a "modest living," according to Ryan, traveled to 16 countries over a two-year period, putting on exhibitions and getting the younger generation into jumping. (Though Ryan quit the sport in 2006 due to injury—"I was much too intellectual about it," he says. "That's a hard thing, because if you overthink some of these things, you're never going to jump over a car.")

The highlight of the Xpogo calendar is Pogopalooza. The tenth annual festival took place in New

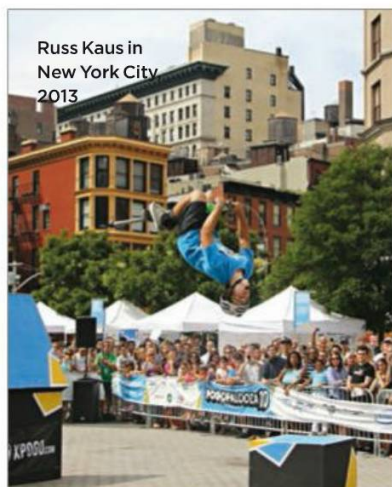
York City in July 2013, with thousands of spectators filling Tompkins Square Park in the East Village. The contestants that year broke five world records; two were broken by pro Biff Hutchison. The 20-year-old rising star front-flipped over an 8-foot, 2-inch bar and high-jumped 9 feet, 7 1/2 inches. "I can flip off of really big things," he says, though he admits that he's broken both his ankles three times, and his wrist and jaw once each. "With big flips come big risks." Pogopalooza has expanded to other cities, with the finals in Pittsburgh in 2014, the U.S. Open in Jacksonville, Florida, in June, and the world finals in Philadelphia in July.

Extreme pogo-sticking shares some DNA with sports like BMX and FMX (freestyle motocross), and many of the moves are derived from tricks you may have seen on the X Games. But there are also differences, most notably in the bouncing, which other sports simply don't have. "I think people don't appreciate how high you are going. You have to maintain body control at nine feet in the air, land on something the size of a half-dollar, and then go back up a second later," Ryan says. "Most of these other action sports are forward-momentum-

based. If you're going up, you're going up on a giant ramp for a second. This is vertical momentum. These guys have a really acute sense of control because of it."

The next frontier of Xpogo focuses on street aspects, using some of the elements of street skating. "I've been trying to revolutionize the sport by incorporating handrail grinds. I'm exceptionally good at that," says Staubs, with a charming lack of modesty. Pogo-sticking is starting to incorporate horizontal planes into its predominantly vertical ones. Think of the difference between a half-pipe and a street course for skateboard or BMX. A street course offers more variety. There are, after all, only so many things one can do without props, boxes, or rails. Bouncing grows old after a while, even if each bounce launches the jumper nearly ten feet in the air and he sometimes does a backflip.

The hope is that street pogo will draw more interest from the casual fan, both in person and online.



Russ Kaus in
New York City
2013



Nick McClintock at the
Great Wall of China, 2012



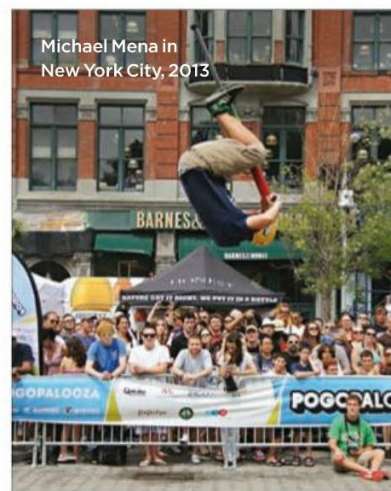
Nic Patino in Beijing,
China, 2014



Tone Staubs in Queens,
New York, 2013



Biff Hutchison in Rio de Janeiro,
Brazil, 2012



Michael Mena in
New York City, 2013

Xpogo posts videos of trips to far-flung locations. The crew also posts highlight reels of Hutchison and Ryan Meyer on its site, on YouTube, and on social media. It's all part of building the Xpogo brand. "I think the distance we have come is further than the distance we have to go," says Nick Ryan, speaking of the ultimate goal of making Xpogo more mainstream, perhaps even part of action-sports tours like the X Games.

Some kids are definitely embracing Xpogo as they see Hutchison, Staubs, and the rest of the pros make money, hopping from continent to continent, and having a blast. "When we started, we didn't have this level of skill. [Now] the younger kids are at a much higher level than we were," says Staubs. "It's going to be a much stiffer competition in the coming years to get to the top. You'll see a lot more kids on pogo sticks, which means I have to work twice as hard."

But for now, Staubs remains at the top of the pyramid. So how does "I'm the No. 1-ranked pogo-stick jumper in the world" work as a pickup line?

"Great in Florida," Staubs says with a laugh. "But around here where I live, in the middle of the country, they don't care."

Not yet, the Xpogo founders would likely say, as they pursue their dream that grew out of the obsession of six nine-year-olds. Not yet.



KISS & TELL

New York City comics Krystyna Hutchinson and Corinne Fisher named their sex-positive podcast “Guys We Fucked”—and that’s exactly what they talk about on the show.

By the Lady Aye



There’s no mystery about what listeners will hear in Krystyna Hutchinson and Corinne Fisher’s comedy podcast. Titled “Guys We Fucked,” the show covers—spoiler alert!—the sex lives of the two comely New York City comics. But it’s not all raunchy stories (though there are plenty of those); the pair also ladles out useful advice for navigating today’s complicated sexual landscape, loads of laughs, and some entertaining interviews with a wide range of guests, including, yes, guys they’ve fucked. It’s an “anti-slut-shaming” audio piñata that bursts forth roughly once a week on SoundCloud, and currently boasts more than 400,000 subscribers. Hutchinson and Fisher recently told us all about it.

Where did you get the idea for the show?

Hutchinson: We’ve had lots of relationships and breakups during the time we’ve worked together [doing stand-up], and Corinne just texted me one day and said, “Do you want to interview guys we used to fuck and call it ‘Guys We Fucked’?” I said yes, and that was the start of the podcast. The idea just stuck in our heads. It was funny; it was smart; it was something I could see being great.

Fisher: [But] it took a while to come to fruition, because I think it’s one thing to say, “Let’s interview guys who we fucked,” but it’s a whole other thing to reach out to people: “Hi, we used to sleep together—do you want to talk about it [on the air]?”

How was the launch of the show? Were you like, “We’re just going there”?

CF: We were both scared about people misunderstanding the concept, but much to our pleasant surprise, most people have taken the show and made it into some sort of social movement, which is great—they really get what we’re doing.

KH: I never had a doubt; I thought it was a great idea, but it started out easier and became harder and less enjoyable. I’m going to be honest with you: People are saying some nasty shit. I’m not really affected by that—and we are not even close to being famous—but with this little taste of it, I fully understand why Britney Spears is, like, out of her mind.

What do you think of the response, Corinne?

CF: I actually like it more as we go along. I like the feedback—the negative and the positive. To me it’s so exciting. Every time we go in to a recording session, I feel like I calculate it a little better, because I know all these people are listening and I want to reach them and continue to make them laugh about sex. Because sex is silly, we should be able to laugh about it.

Is it a mission for the podcast to get that stuff out there?

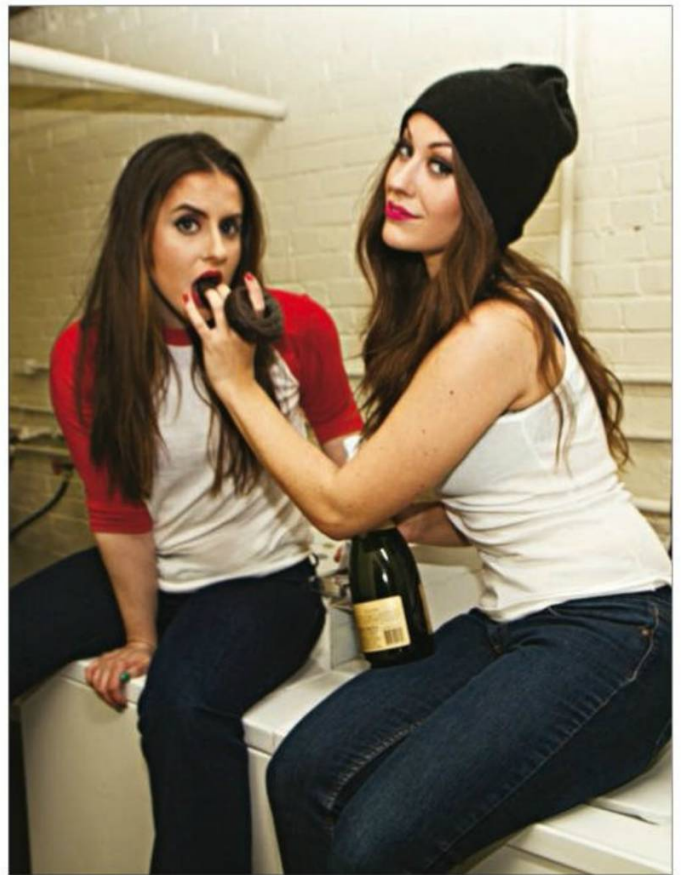
CF: It’s become a mission. It didn’t start out that way. People are painting us a little bit higher than we intended—we just wanted to be funny and honest. Very basic: Be funny; be honest. That’s it. And I think we’re having a deeper effect than even we realized. We’re getting some pretty heavy emails, and I’m just like, “Whoa!”

KH: There are a lot of people who listen to us and feel a sense of relief and a lifting of shame. The fact that we get passionate emails almost every day just thanking us—that’s definitely an unintended side effect of doing the podcast, which is exciting.

Are there any topics you don’t want to cover?

CF: We weren’t going to cover dick size [of ex-lovers], but then we ended up doing it.

KH: We don’t want to be mean. We don’t want to be nasty to anybody; we don’t want to gang up on anybody. It’s not about that at all—it’s about conversation.



“We’re just talking about [sex] in a funny and open way, and we hoped that it would resonate with other people.”

I understand you get emails from a lot of couples.


CF: Yeah, a lot of couples listen together, which I find to be awesome. We got one email from a couple who was trying to conceive a baby and they tried some new things—things that we had said—and they got pregnant. The email was thanking us.

KH: It’s kind of a new take on watching porn together. It’s like, let’s try something new and exciting—it’s kind of like the thinking man’s porn. Not that porn is for dumb people; it’s a different level of it. It’s taking it to a more mindful, more visceral level.

Is there anything else you want people to know about the podcast?

CF: We don’t have an agenda. This is as much discovering-as-we-go for us as it is for the audience. We’re not telling people to have a ton of sex for no reason; we’re just sharing, and we’re not “sex-perts.” We’re ... just talking about [sex] in a funny and open way, and we hoped that it would resonate with other people. It has, and that’s great, and if we pissed some people off, that’s great, too, because maybe they needed to get pissed the fuck off.

KH: A lot of articles have quoted what I said in the very first podcast—which I actually take back—which is that we’re saying, “Have a lot of sex and be proud of it.” That’s so not what we’re saying. We’re saying be comfortable and make your own decisions.... You have the same amount of hours in the day as Beyoncé.

CF: Indeed you do. 



SEX TOYS R US

Given what's available at discreet online stores—including our own PenthouseStore.com—what is it about brick-and-mortar erotic emporiums that keeps customers coming back for more?

By Ronnie Koenig

I

never judge our customers," says Valencia, who has worked at a popular sex-toy store in New Jersey for three years. "I think that's part of why people keep coming here. You can get everything we sell on the internet, but it's that face-to-face interaction people are looking for."

Sara, a coworker who's standing next to her at the counter, which contains an extensive display of dildos of varying colors and sizes, laughs and says, "Yeah, like the guy who came in here at the same time on the same day of the week for months to get the exact same DVD."

"*Evil Anal 22!*" exclaims Valencia. "Maybe he was buying them as gifts for his friends?"

"No," Sara says. "He was definitely getting off on the act of bringing that box with the pictures of women bent over on the cover up to the register and interacting with you."

The girls, who are both in their twenties and wearing tight, cleavage-baring T-shirts, reveal that sometimes the man would get visibly excited in the store. "But he never did anything inappropriate," Valencia quickly adds.

"Yeah," says Sara, tossing back her mane of sandy-blond hair. "At least he waited until he was alone."

It would make perfect sense if adult stores had become as scarce as bookstores and record shops, but on most highways you'll still see billboards advertising places where you can go to fulfill your erotic fantasies with the purchase of a sex toy, DVD, or

naughty literature. There's something about the illicit act of seeking out X-rated material that keeps these stores in business. And while the internet has allowed many people to explore their sexuality when they otherwise might not have, for others, walking through that fringed curtain is a delightfully pleasurable hands-on experience in itself.

Jeanie is a perky redhead in her thirties who considers herself a sex expert after doling out advice to what she describes as "hundreds of horny customers" at a bustling Long Island store. Her dark-brown eyes really do invite you to tell her your secrets, and her friendly manner most definitely would be reassuring to her customers.

"I see them come in here, looking like deer in headlights," she says. "If you've never been in a store like this, it can be overwhelming." She's right—the rows upon rows of DVDs, and the shelves stocked with every kind of sex toy for every orifice, are not for the puritanical at heart. "I go over and take them by the hand, so to speak," she tells us. "The women are always thankful for the help. The guys want you to think they know exactly what they want, but the truth is, they're nervous, too."

Jeanie's craziest encounter with a customer involved actual manual instruction. "This gorgeous young woman came in here, devastated that her boyfriend couldn't give her an orgasm," she reveals. "I showed her our vibrator selection, and she told me she'd never owned one before. She thought she was looking for a book, but I told her this would be a lot better. I could see from the look in her eyes that she had no clue what to do, so I told her to use a little bit of lube, and to start making small circles with it on the lowest setting around her clit. She blurted out, 'I don't know where my clit is!'"

"The store was empty, so I locked the doors and brought her into the back room. I told her to lie down on the couch and make herself comfortable. We turned on the toy and played with it for a while, running it against her arm so she could get used to the sensation. After a few minutes, she lifted up her dress, and I watched as she hesitantly moved the vibrator over the area covered by her panties. I could tell from the look in her eyes and the fact that she was breathing audibly that she wasn't going to have any problem giving herself a huge, body-

rocking orgasm. 'Keep the pace consistent, don't move away from it,' I told her, as she instinctively started moving her hips against the shaft of the toy. She was really getting into it, and when she pulled her panties to the side, I reached over for a bottle of lube and dripped some directly onto her pussy. Needless to say, it was only seconds before she was coming in a big way, and she thanked me profusely when she left the store. My boss would probably kill me if he knew about it, but it was purely educational."

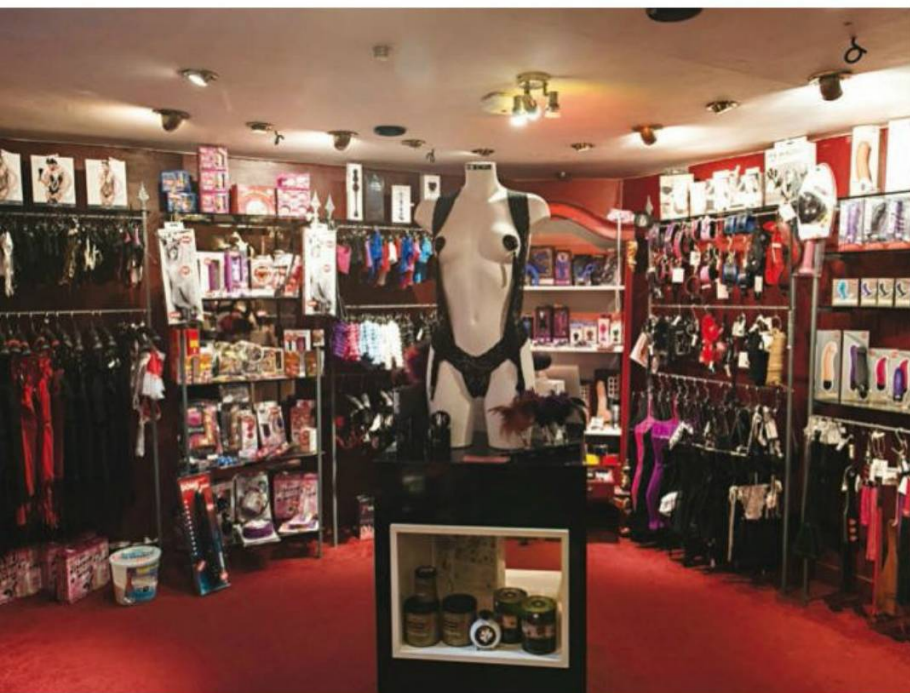
Joey has helped out with his family's business at an unassuming roadside store in Massachusetts as a way to put himself through business school. "I used to be a little embarrassed about the store, but then I realized it was a really smart business model," he says. "Kids in high school knew and I got teased, but then I actually started having sex, and it dawned on me that I had access to all this stuff that could

There's something about the illicit act of seeking out X-rated material that keeps adult stores in business.

only make me better at pleasing a woman. And that's what it's all about, right?" He flashes a devilish smile.

Joey admits to playing up his Magic Mike look, as it attracts a lot of attention from female customers. "I sometimes think these girls come in here to torture me. I recently took care of a group of girls who came into the store looking for stuff for a friend's bachelorette party. There were three of them, all with identical long, straight brown hair and wearing these tiny, ass-cheek-baring shorts. I try to keep it professional, but when they asked me to model a cock ring for them it was hard. Literally hard!" he says, laughing.

"After they loaded up on all the typical stuff—penis-shaped jewelry and tiaras—they started trying on some of the novelty lingerie. Never mind that we don't have a dressing room. They had stripped down to their panties and were trying on nurse costumes and asking me what I thought. My friend Tim, who sometimes hangs out at the store, told them that they should kiss, and suddenly the leader of the group—she was the most talkative—pushed the smallest girl up against a display case and kissed



her. As her mouth went to her friend's nipple, I started to get nervous—the last thing I wanted to explain to my dad was why there was a live sex show going on in our store. To my friend's utter dismay, I ushered the girls on their way, but not before getting their numbers and an invite to that night's party, which we totally hit. And yes, in case you're wondering, I totally hit that—times three!"

Back in New Jersey, Sara, the store clerk with the long blonde hair, says that although the website for their store gives customers anonymity, what she thinks they're really craving is a human connection. Case in point: a handsome but shy bespectacled man who would occasionally browse the aisles of the store but never buy anything. "If he came into the store and I wasn't out front, the other girls would come and get me because they knew I had a huge crush," she says. "This guy was classically handsome, wore nice suits, but you could tell he didn't want to be approached. He had his guard up. We would always ask if we could help him find something, and he would just shake his head no. One day I figured, what the hell, and went up to him and asked if there was anything special he was looking for, maybe for his girlfriend.

"'I don't have a girlfriend,' he said matter-of-factly.

"'Well, what are you into?'

"'For the first time, he looked me in

the eye and told me that he thought he wanted to try kink, but that he felt bad about wanting to do anything that might be offensive to women. I explained to him that some women got off on the fantasy of being submissive—myself included. His eyes lit up. 'Really?' he asked.

"I took him by the hand and led him over to the area of the store with some of the S&M apparatus. I knew I had to start slow so I wouldn't scare him. I handed him some velvet handcuffs and said that if he wanted to try them, he could make me put my hands behind my back and 'arrest' me. Without hesitating, he pulled my hands behind me and bound them tightly so that they were resting right above my ass. Even though they were only held together with Velcro, I felt like I couldn't move, I was so overcome by his forcefulness. I pushed out my chest, hoping he would notice, and asked what he wanted to do next. It must have been the heat of the moment, but suddenly he grabbed me by the hair and pulled—hard—sending a rush of blood straight to my pussy.

"'Well, that was intense,' I said as I walked him to the register, feeling a little embarrassed and a lot excited. We exchanged numbers and have been dating—and experimenting—for the past few months. And I don't care what they say about the internet killing storefront businesses. You can't find service like that online!"



The rows of DVDs, and shelves stocked with every kind of sex toy for every orifice, are not for the puritanical at heart.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) ADAM BRONKHORST/ALAMY, JULIAN STRATENSCHULTE/AP IMAGES, MAXIMAGES/ALAMY, DOMINIC DIBBS/ALAMY, MIKE CLARKE/GETTY IMAGES

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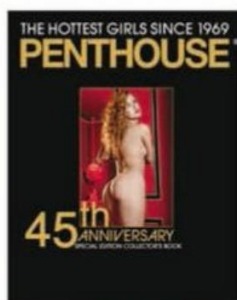
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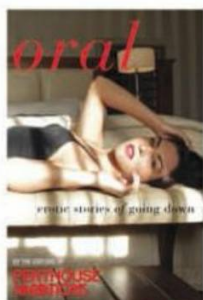
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Make money order payable to Springle, LLC

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Acct# _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

CVV2 Code _____ Total Cost of order \$ _____

Mail To: _____ Sales Tax (IL add 7.5%) \$ _____

PenthouseStore.com Shipping & Handling* \$ _____

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Westmont, IL 60559


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DRAMA QUEEN

Aleksa Slusarchi, a 21-year-old with a theater degree, dreams of starring in feature films. We'd say the stunning Ukrainian is a shoo-in to be a success.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker






"I loved doing these photos where it's as if I'm in a tropical paradise. The soft sunlight through the palm trees created the atmosphere of a jungle."



"When I'm being photographed nude, I pose as if I'm trying to make the photographer desire me. I hope that comes through."







"I never need
to psych
myself up for a
shoot. I'm more
comfortable
naked than
dressed. After
all, people are
born naked."



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PENTHOUSE

04 ALEKSA SLUSARCHI APRIL 2015 PET OF THE MONTH

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"There's no single way to tell a man what you want. It all depends on the situation, the place, and the person."

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OF ALEKSA SLUSARCHI APRIL 2015 PET OF THE MONTH







Vital stats:
33-23-34; 5'5"
21 years old

Your hometown:
Kharkov, Ukraine

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
I love it just because it's my home.

If you could live anywhere, it would be:
Somewhere where it's always summer.

What do you do for a living?
I'm a model and an actress, which is what I've always wanted.

Your favorite thing about your job:
The travel.

Your favorite vacation spot:
Sri Lanka. I was surprised by the beautiful and deserted beaches. I've never experienced that kind of relaxation anywhere else.

Your dream vacation spot:
Japan.

Favorite food:
Seafood, especially salmon.

Favorite drinks:
White wine, Baileys Irish Cream.

Favorite way to work out:
Stretching and dancing.

Favorite way to relax:
Smoking a hookah.

Favorite sound:
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Too Sexy for the... App Store?

Here are some of the most compelling, repulsive, and interesting apps that didn't make it past the app-store gauntlet.

By Damon Brown

Mobile app stores have been around only for a few years, but they have already changed how we explore our world. Since 2008, we've downloaded 75 billion Apple apps—and that's not counting the millions of Google, Amazon, and Microsoft applications we've grabbed for low or no cost. "There's an app for that" has been the joke, and now, with millions of apps available, it's close to being true.

And like any technology, our pursuit of pleasure has turned these mundane software marketplaces into a battleground. Software developers have been sneaking sexy apps onto Apple's traditionally conservative storefront for years, but the adult and alternative communities collectively lost their minds when Google launched its spectacle-based Glass device. Unfortunately, even open-market companies like Google are tightening up their app policy, which means there may be a perfect adult app out there for you that may never see the light of day. These three proved too hot for the market.





Tits & Glass by MiKandi **Launched June 3, 2013** **Banned June 3, 2013**

Google got its rep for letting people do what the hell they wanted: Its mobile operating system, Android, sprung from the share-everything open-source community, and, unlike Apple and other competitors, it has no serious clearing house to check apps before they go live. In other words, Android sounds like the perfect platform to launch risqué or controversial apps. It became even more enticing when Google Glass came out in early 2013.

In that context, you know Tits & Glass was an app waiting to happen. And it did happen—for a few hours, at least. Created by the adult company MiKandi, Tits & Glass has a simple premise: Look at random soft-core pictures of naked women while you walk around wearing Google Glass. Going to the grocery store? Have some entertainment flickering over your right eye. Bored on your commute? Enjoy a nudie slide show. Google Glass doesn't indicate to others what you're viewing, so watching porn could look as mundane as you checking your stocks.

Tits & Glass took off quickly on June 3, 2013, a crazy development since there were only a couple thousand people using limited-edition Google Glass devices in the entire world. The creators gushed as the mainstream press flocked to talk about the first major adult app for Google Glass. According to MiKandi, nearly 10,000 people visited TitsAndGlass.com that morning.

If Google didn't see it coming before, then it certainly knew about Tits & Glass afterward. Right before or just as the app launched, Google did the ultimate cock block and changed its policy to ban all adult-oriented software from Glass. "Although the app is still live and people are using it, at this point we must make changes to the app in order to comply with the new policies," MiKandi CEO Jesse Adams told users later on launch day. "Expect to see changes to the application tomorrow."

Those changes would turn Tits & Glass into Bikini & Covered Tops & Glass. Glass-viewed content would be only SFW (safe for work) stuff, while users could access all the NSFW (not safe for work) stuff on the official Tits & Glass website—just not through Google Glass itself. Overnight, the most open-minded software giant managed to turn a potentially popular adult app into yet another porn website.

titstare **Titstare** **Demoed September 7, 2013** **Canceled September 7, 2013**

Some of the biggest apps started off as a joke. Take Yo, an app that simply shoots a one-word text—"Yo"—to your friends. That's it. As of summer 2014, the app had more than two million users and several million dollars in funding. You're not laughing now, are you?

In that context, a cuckoo app like Titstare being presented at a major tech conference was bound to happen. Shown at TechCrunch Disrupt in fall 2013, Titstare allows you to take a picture of yourself while you're staring at a woman's chest. That's it. Onstage, two dudes from Australia—we'll skip the names—cited a study that said looking at boobs actually benefits men's heart health. Kind of like Instagram, Titstare users could rate breast-staring pictures and share them with others.

It was a big hit! Just kidding: The tech audience gave some awkward laughs, but otherwise sat in silence and immediately began roasting the presentation online. The host of the awards, TechCrunch, posted a quick apology on Twitter: "We apologize for two inappropriate hackathon presentations earlier today. We will more carefully screen from now on."

(The other "inappropriate" app was a masturbation simulator, the one thing you actually don't need



an app to do.) One programmer had his nine-year-old daughter in the audience ... because she was slated to present after the Titstare guys. *Awkward.*

The team apologized and said it was just a bad joke, but critics noticed that Titstare already had a media plan, websites, and other corporate infrastructure in place. Any progress nerds had made in the sex department was set back a few hundred years.



Weed Firm **Launched May 5, 2014** **Banned May 20, 2014**

Spots in California, Washington, and Colorado are rolling out the green carpet for legal, government-sanctioned marijuana, all based on public votes, referendums, and opinion polls. The Rocky Mountain High state reportedly ran out of legit weed within a few days. Games about THC plants, however, aren't legitimized yet. Burnable weed, okay. Virtual weed, not okay. Got it?

Case in point: the app Weed Firm from Manitoba Games. Essentially a pot-scented *Grand Theft Auto*, Weed Firm stars you as a low-level drug dealer working his way up the green food chain. It's packed with funny drug-movie references, but underneath it all is a simple business simulator. Spend X amount of money getting Y number of seeds to make Z profit off the eventual sales. Within days, the low-budget lemonade-stand game hit No. 1 on the Apple App Store charts. (Keep in mind, it takes several thousand daily purchases to top the charts.)

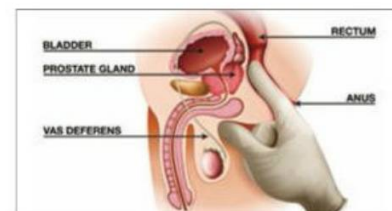
The conservative Apple, however, wasn't having it. Weed Firm was yanked off the App Store by the end of the month. The only mystery is how Weed Firm managed to get onto the Apple App Store in the first place. Maybe somebody was high.

Manitoba Games told one outlet that it was "just too good and got to No. 1 in all categories, since there are certainly a great number of weed-based apps still available, as well as games promoting other so-called 'illegal activities' such as shooting people, crashing cars, and throwing birds at buildings." Paranoia aside, the company actually has a point.

A year later, and the company has released *Weed Firm: Replanted* on Google Play and *Tea Firm: Replanted* on the Apple App Store. Two other titles are slated for release soon: *Weed Firm 2: Back to College* and *Strip Them All: Weed Strip Poker*. Only time will tell if these Manitoba games will have staying power.




lubricated finger inserted in a “come here” motion, then moving to a side-to-side, windshield-wiper type of gesture. Many men report that digital stimulation can produce a body-melting orgasm, as can sex toys designed to milk the prostate. Being open and receptive to prostate play can be extremely empowering for men, who are simply utilizing the gift of their body’s ability to experience pleasure to its maximum potential.



Men who are not comfortable with anal penetration can still enjoy the benefits of prostate pleasure. The “million-dollar point” is a pea-size indentation along the perineum, or the “taint,” between the anus and the testicles. Press there to access the prostate externally and feel the powerful effects of that gland’s sensitivity. And if your lover stimulates that point while she gives you a blowjob, you’ve got a mind-blowing orgasm waiting for you.

Anal sex offers couples a unique way to connect on a deep level, and to experience more intense orgasms. Communication is key, as anal sex can be deeply emotional for both men and women. There’s a lot of preparation needed before penetrating one of the most intimate parts of the body, like cleansing, massaging, putting on condoms, applying lube, and experimenting with different-size toys for partial penetration. But there is a huge payoff when you take the time to talk to each other about anal sex and use massage, kissing, and licking before penetration. The more relaxed and dilated the anus becomes, the more erotic and satisfying the experience will be, and the more likely both of you will want a repeat performance.

For much more detailed information and live demonstrations of anal sex, prostate play, and anal G-spot stimulation, check out the Amazing Anal course at SexAcademy.com. 

Deeper Orgasms Through Anal Sex

Our sister website, AdultFriendFinder.com, is providing a sensual, steamy, and stimulating way for its Gold members to increase their sexual skills, as well as their sexual satisfaction. This month it’s all about becoming a backdoor man.

By Ava Cadell, PhD

How does anal sex give a woman more intense orgasms? One way is through the G spot. We think of it as being accessible through the vaginal opening, but you can also come at it from the anal canal.

What you’re looking for is the Grafenberg spot, a patch of spongy tissue about two to three inches inside the anterior wall of the vagina. If you feel it with your finger, it’s a bit rough, like the roof of your mouth, and the sensations it produces can be incredibly intense. But stimulated anally, the pressure is indirect, and many women say it’s even more pleasurable because the feeling is less forceful and isn’t as likely to mimic the sense of having to urinate.

You can perform anal sex in certain positions that angle the body toward that all-important spot, like doggie-style with her head down and ass in the air. But no matter what the position, the woman must always be in control of anal penetration. Alternatively, when she’s on top, either facing you or facing backward, she can control not only the speed of penetration, but the angle of the penis as well, which is crucial for hitting the G spot. Many women can experience orgasm through anal penetra-

tion alone, or combined with clitoral stimulation, vaginal stimulation, or both, so encourage her to stimulate herself during sex.

You and your lover can choose from many positions for anal sex, such as lying on your sides, with you behind her for slow and gentle penetration. Most important, be sure to use lots of lube, as the anal cavity doesn’t self-lubricate like the vagina. And unless you’re in a monogamous relationship and HIV negative, you should always use a condom. Also, never go from anal play to vaginal play without washing your mouth, hands, and/or sex toy, or changing the condom.

Anal sex is not just for women. It’s becoming increasingly popular for heterosexual couples to reverse roles and for the woman to stimulate the male P spot (prostate) through anal sex, which can produce longer, more satisfying orgasms. The walnut-size prostate gland is located a few inches inside the anterior wall of the rectum and can be stimulated by a well-



Dr. Ava Cadell has a master’s degree in human behavior and a PhD in human sexuality. She is president of the American College of Sexologists International, the founder of Loveology University, a media therapist, a global speaker, the author of nine books, and the Sexual Health Expo’s Sexpert of the Year.



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UNLOCK THE LIFESTYLE 

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a woman in a suggestive pose. She is shown from the waist up, with her head tilted back and her right hand resting on her forehead. Her left hand is on her hip. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of her body against a dark background.

Bunny Tales

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AVA ADORA

The Moonlite Bunny Ranch
69 Moonlight Road
Carson City NV 89706
775-246-9901
avaadora@bunnyranch.com

PROFILE

Age: 24
Height: 5'2"
Bra size: 32D
Home state: California

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

Time at the Ranch: One year

"I saw Brooke Taylor on a talk show and was intrigued, so once I got out of school, I took a risk and applied to work at the Ranch—and the rest is history. I'd never done anything like this, but I dove in headfirst. Luckily, I learned the ropes really quickly."

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

"I love getting to help people. I recently had a couple come in, not to have sex with me, but to have me coach them so they could have more intimacy in their own relationship. They wanted to try anal, but they had no experience with it, and the girl was terrified, so it was my job to teach them the right way to go about it. They ended up having a great time!"

"People think we're experts, and I guess we are. Plus, I studied biology and public health, and I spent a lot of time in Third World countries educating people about safe sex, so I'm really comfortable talking to people about this stuff."

"I have one client who has a really particular fetish: He likes to be treated like a lobster dinner. He wants me to put him in a tub of hot water and get on the phone to a friend and talk about him as though I'm planning to cook him and eat him. There's no sex involved, but he just loves it."

SKILLS AND COMPETENCIES


"I give the ultimate Girlfriend Experience. It just comes naturally to me. I like the emotional intimacy of it. I want to spend time with my clients, to get to know them and make them feel comfortable. The sex industry puts a lot of emphasis on the physical, but I'm a good listener, too, and I want my clients to feel like my friends."

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

"My favorite parties are the ones that involve several other girls and go on for a while. Last summer, I had a client who booked a three-girl pool party that lasted for more than 12 hours, and that was a lot of fun. And a few months ago, some professional athletes came in and booked four of us for an out date to Lake Tahoe. For me, it's the more the merrier!"

TEACHING OVERVIEW

"People need to embrace lube more. So many people think you only need to use lube for anal sex, or that if you're using it, something's wrong. That's not the case. Lube feels so good! It makes things nice and slippery and silky, and it makes everything feel so much better."

"But my No. 1 tip for men *and* women is that when you think you've been doing something for a while—like going down on a girl—keep doing it for another minute or two. Your partner will really appreciate it." 



"The easiest way to make a girl come is by starting with stimulating conversation. But for a guy, I get on top and squeeze his cock with all my muscles at once, then let go really fast, and I do it over and over. It never fails to get a guy off."







Pet of the Year
RUNNER-UP

GREAT SCOT!

Skin Diamond grew up in Scotland, which makes the 28-year-old the perfect Pet of the Year Runner-Up for 2015, when we're celebrating this magazine's own roots in the United Kingdom.

Photographs by Tammy Sands



Pet of the Year
RUNNER-UP



“Being a Penthouse Pet has provided me with opportunities that I would not have had otherwise. I’ve been able to meet so many cool people, worked with some of the world’s best photographers, and traveled to places I’d never been to before, including Budapest. I find that travel opens the eyes to new ways of thinking, and traveling to Hungary was no exception.”





“My fans were so excited when I became a Penthouse Pet! That photo shoot with Holly Randall is definitely one of my all-time favorites, and it must have showed in the pictures, because my fans loved it!”



“The best part about making appearances as a Pet is that it’s fun to feel as though I’m part of a sorority, as I was always the nerdy outcast in college. And being Pet of the Year Runner-Up is a huge honor! Obviously I would have liked to win, but it’s nice to know how close I got.”





“My family and friends are all really excited for me. When my Pet of the Month issue came out, my mum ran all over town to find a copy, and then put Post-it notes over my naughty bits before showing the rest of my family.”





“I was so excited about the Josephine Baker theme for this shoot. She’s such an inspiration. She literally paved the way for women of color during a time, the 1920s, when they were not considered beautifully captivating or sexy to the general white population.”



SEE MORE OF SKIN AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

A Vow of Silence

A sultry story from the upcoming book *Penthouse Variations on Submission*, published by Cleis Press.

By Stella Chadwick
Illustrations by Reiq

"Explain it again," my friend Chelsea insisted before I left for my vacation.

"No talking. There's no talking allowed."

"You mean 'aloud.'"

I laughed as I finished packing my suitcase.

"Can you do *that*?" she asked.

"Do what?"

"Laugh?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. I don't think that's ever come up. Most of the time, I don't walk around like an idiot, giggling for no reason."

"I would," she said. "I'd go fucking crazy if someone told me I couldn't talk for ten days."

"You'd go crazy after one day," I agreed, knowing my friend's limits. "But I look forward to this. In fact, I've been dreaming about nothing but silence for weeks now."

Although Chelsea thinks I'm off my rocker, I head off to a retreat every summer by myself for ten days. She doesn't think I'm nuts for needing a vacation. Everyone needs time off, after all. She simply believes that where and how I choose to spend my time is absolutely insane.

See, I work like a fiend all year long, and I spend most of my days talking on the phone. I answer clients' questions, do research, and fill in the gaps. My mouth often hurts by the end of the day from chatting so much, and I drink a lot of green tea with honey to soothe my vocal cords.

This is where the ten days come in.

Every August, I jet to a special spot and take a vow of silence. I'm not the only one. The retreat specializes in this sort of thing, so

guests know what to expect. When you see another vacationer, you might nod or smile. But there is no speaking. Yet on this trip I discovered that there *was* spanking. And bondage. And dominating. Which, I have to say, made the first part somewhat difficult.

I'll start at the beginning. The retreat is in a beautiful part of the state, and known for the exotic fauna, the sunsets, and the clear, warm weather. The food is divine. The staff is exceptional. Every unspoken need is wordlessly fulfilled. I have never gone to the retreat with a boyfriend because I've always considered this trip my "alone" time, even surrounded by strangers. But when I arrived this year, I spied a man who piqued my interest. For the first time at this spot, I was sad to have no voice.

He was exactly my type: a little older than me, with silver in his thick black hair. He had striking blue eyes and a lean, limber body, which I tried not to ogle too hard in our shared morning yoga class. If I'd met him at a bar, I would have wandered over for a drink. If I'd seen him at a party, I'd have begged the host for an introduction. As it was, I employed silent flirting techniques, which I was happy to see him mirror.

Every time we ran into each other, his eyes roamed my body. I would have told him my name, but I was going to be true to my vow. Ten days. Not a word. As the first week progressed, he made things difficult. At breakfast in the great room, he played footsie with me under the table. By the swimming pool, he oiled me up with sunscreen. I had to bite my lip not to moan at



the feel of his big hands on my nearly naked skin. (Would a moan have been a problem? A moan is not exactly a word, after all.) Finally, one night at dinner, he made sure we were seated next to each other. He slid a hand under my napkin and, when I didn't protest, began to stroke me through my dress.

I could hardly finish the meal. Once the dishes were cleared, I practically sprinted with him to his room in the hotel. I was wet, excited, and ready. But he had other plans. Within his room, he still didn't speak. I didn't either. He sat me on the edge of his bed and we kissed passionately, our hands roaming, our lips parting. I became more turned-on by the second, and I was ready to strip and go for it—until he pulled away.

Was something wrong? I wanted to ask, but I was now on day four of my vow. Breaking the promise I'd made to myself would have felt wrong.

The man went to his drawer and came back with a paddle. My eyes widened. Who travels with sex toys? Well, I often have a vibrator with me. But that's different. A vibrator you can use solo. A paddle generally requires at least two people interested in participating.

He handed it to me, and I ran my fingers over the handle, the edges, and the cool, flat surface. Then I looked up at him. What did he want me to do? Did he want me to spank him?

He sat next to me and patted his lap. I felt my heart racing. This was going to be interesting. I've had my share of kinky partners, but this was the first time I'd ever been spanked while engaged in a vow of silence. Exactly how was this going to work?

I looked into his eyes, and he smiled at me. That made me relax, so I handed him the paddle, spread myself out over his lap, and held myself in place. We were both completely still. I could hear his breathing, and I could hear my own. There was that beautiful moment of anticipation while I waited for the first blow to land. I found myself pressing my palms against the floor, my whole body tense. Only when he was ready did he begin. He used the paddle on me through my jersey dress, which muted both the noise and the pain. But I definitely still felt the sting in my ass cheeks, and I could also feel his erection pressing up at me from below.

He spanked me in a slow, gentle rhythm. He smacked my right cheek,

I handed him the paddle, spread myself out over his lap, and held myself in place. There was that beautiful moment of anticipation while I waited for the first blow to land.

then my left, then delivered a firm blow that covered my sweet spot. I opened my mouth, but I didn't let out any noise. I was pleased with myself for being able to behave. I'd never had to accept a spanking in total silence before. This added "rule" heightened my awareness of the entire experience. People say that when you remove a sense (like when you're wearing a blindfold), your other senses become more acute. That's how I felt at not being able to cry out. Every blow seemed to echo more thoroughly within me.

When I started to squirm, he pushed me off his lap and stood up. *That was it?* I was so horny I couldn't believe he would stop.

To my relief, he simply went over to the stereo and hit the "play" button. In a moment, the room was filled with pastoral, woodland sounds. I found this comical, yet I didn't protest—and Chelsea would have been proud because I didn't laugh, either. I knew the soundtrack would muffle the noises we were going to make, so I was grateful, even if the melodies were the ethereal type you'd generally hear while getting a massage or meditating.

He moved to the desk by the window, and I saw him pick up a pen. My mind raced, wondering what he was writing, but I didn't have to wait long. When he stepped back to my side with the pad, I saw he'd written only, "Safe word?"

I shook my head. I didn't want to have to speak. Vow-breaking was serious to me. He stared at me for a moment, set down the pad, and then took my head lightly in his hands and nodded it forcefully up and down for me three times.

I smiled. Now we had a "safe gesture." This was getting funnier by the second. Like if mimes decided to have a go at kinky sex.

He resumed his position on the mattress edge, and I prepared to drape myself over his lap once again. I wanted more spanking. Even though my ass was already hot, I craved that paddle. He stopped me from coming forward by putting his palm up in the air, and he motioned for me to undress. I took off my soft black

dress, and I felt him watching. There was something extra erotic about the fact that we were not speaking, that he was issuing commands with gestures alone. I undid my bra and let the little lacy item fall to the floor. The man stood and picked up the bit of lingerie, surprising me for a moment. Did he not like the fact that I'd littered his carpet?

No. He pushed me onto the bed on my stomach, and then wrapped my wrists over my head with the bra. I knew I could get free if I wanted to. He didn't tie me tightly. This was more like symbolic bondage, but I didn't care. I felt bound, and that was good enough.

I still had on my panties, which he pulled slowly down my legs and then all the way off. He moved so I could see him bring them to his face and inhale. A delicious shudder ran through me. I loved the sight of him breathing in my heady scent. Then he balled the panties and tucked them between my parted lips, giving me an extra barrier to stifle my moans.

Back he went to his drawer, and I was left in that fantasy place of wondering what might happen next. When he returned to the bed, he showed me two clothespins. I would have swallowed hard, but I had the panties in my mouth. I know my eyes went huge. He rolled me onto my back and straddled my body. I could see the outline of his erection through his pants. If my wrists hadn't been tied, I would have reached down and stroked that sexy ridge.

His eyebrows went up as he held the pins in front of me. I read the question in his deep blue eyes, and I easily guessed what he wanted. Permission. I nodded once, and he flicked one of my hard nipples with his fingertip before attaching the clip. I groaned softly, but the panties held the sound. He smiled at me, and I could almost hear his voice in my head saying, "Good girl," even though I'd never heard him speak.

In seconds, he had the second clip on my right nipple. I lifted my hips off the bed, grinding upward against him. The pain in my breasts somehow emphasized the desire in my cunt. The man seemed to understand this.



He moved down the bed until he was between my legs, and he started to lick and suck at my pussy. I almost came right then, but I closed my eyes and breathed slowly through my nose, trying my best to hold off the tidal wave of satisfaction. The man seemed to see this as a challenge. He upped the ante, sliding a finger inside me.

Wow, he was good. I'd lucked out. I couldn't help but lift my hips off the bed and then set them back down, rocking to meet the sweet ministrations of his mouth. Right as I was about to lose my battle with my climax, he stopped and brusquely took the clips off my nipples. To make the pain go away, he sucked on each one in turn, his mouth warm and lovely on my smarting skin. I sighed in relief, but the relief was short-lived. He took one clip and, looking me directly in the eye, attached it to my swollen clit.

I would have screamed. I would

have hollered out at the sensation. But I remembered where we were and I held entirely still, clenched my eyes shut tight, and simply absorbed the pain. I'd never felt anything like this before. Not that I hadn't delved into painplay. But the silent factor really ramped up every other part of the experience. I couldn't cry. I couldn't beg. I could only be. Wasn't that the point of the retreat? To learn from the silence. To be one with the silence.

My lover moved slightly away from me on the bed, and when I opened my eyes, I saw that he was simply observing me. He had a curious expression on his face, and then he rocked the clip on my clit so that a small flicker of pain transformed into a flood of pleasure. I realized I was holding my breath, and when he removed the clip without warning and resumed his licking games, I exhaled and came simultaneously. The man

drank me up, not stopping as the orgasm rushed through me. I wished for my voice then. I would have told him how exquisite he was making me feel. I would have thanked him for the extreme joy that lifted me up. Tears sparkled in the corners of my eyes, and my lips parted and I spat out the panties. The man seemed to guess that I was going to speak, because he shook his head and silenced me with his lips on mine.

The kiss quieted me inside and out.

Then he gagged me with the panties once more, flipped me back over, and positioned me on my knees. My bound wrists were in front of me, my body poised on my bent elbows. What was he going to do next? The paddle answered the question for me. He spanked me a few more times with the toy, and I set my head against the mattress and accepted every blow. He heated my ass cheeks until I was sure they were bright cherry red, then finally—oh, dear God, finally—he stripped out of his own clothes and prepared to fuck me.

I was a ball of desire by then, my pussy ripe and dripping with sex juices, my tits still on fire from the clamps he'd put on them. He pressed his cock against my clit before he slid into me, and I couldn't help myself. A true moan ripped through me, one that he spanked me for with the palm of his strong hand.

I braced myself for the ride, holding as still as I could as he gripped my waist and began to fuck me roughly. I'd never heard his voice, but I told myself a story in my mind to match our actions. I said to myself, in the deep rich baritone I gave my new partner, *I'm going to fuck you good, Stella. I'm going to fuck you until you cream. And then I am going to take your ass. I wonder if you've ever had to be quiet while a man takes your ass.*

I didn't really wonder that, of course, since I was writing the dialogue and I could say anything I wanted to. But although I enjoy anal sex, I had never been able to be quiet through it. Not that I'd ever tried. I wondered if this stranger would be game. And I wondered if I'd be able to play along.

He stretched me around the girth of his cock, and he worked in and out with the finesse of a man who likes sex. He strummed my clit knowingly while he fucked me, and I came again in minutes, feeling the pleasure radiating all the way to the edges of my fingertips, to the tips of my toes.



I braced myself for the ride, holding as still as I could as he began to fuck me roughly. He strummed my clit knowingly while he fucked me, and I came again in minutes.

But he didn't come. *What was he waiting for?* I couldn't ask, so I turned to gaze at him over my shoulder right as he bent down once more. My mouth opened and out fell the panties again. Oops. I'd have to be quiet on my own, and this was going to be supremely difficult because of what he was doing now. I shivered all over as I felt his tongue tease my rear hole.

I wriggled on the comforter, wordlessly begging with my desperate body. He seemed to hear every unsung desire. He continued to trick the tip of his wet tongue around my asshole until I was on the verge of another monster climax. He slid his pinkie inside me, and I keened long and low under my breath. I couldn't help myself. I was transported. If I'd been allowed words, I would have been a raving lunatic. *What are you doing to me? How do you know how to touch me like that?*

I was desperate. How could I be desperate? He'd made me come

several times in short order. But I'm a bit of an anal fetishist. How many men had I been with who'd never thought to knock on my backdoor? This man seemed to know which buttons to push without me saying a word.

He had two fingers in me with one hand and was gently petting my pussy with the other while I shook and trembled for him. My cheeks flamed with embarrassment of how easy I was, but I honestly didn't care. So I wanted his cock stuffed up my ass to the hilt—that was nothing to be ashamed about, was it?

After bringing me to a new plane of excitement, he stood and walked back to his magic drawer. I knew that had this been a different sort of encounter, there would have been many words between us: "Is this okay?" "Do you want me to keep going?" "Are you ready?" Instead, we were talking with our bodies, and the encounter felt decidedly more primal for this lack of verbal discussion.

I watched as he rifled through his

drawer until he came out with a plastic bag. He showed me the contents: a bottle of lube. My pussy positively fluttered. I had hooked up with a man who was so prepared he actually packed lube.


To let him know I was willing, I spread my knees apart on the bed. I wanted him to understand my lust. He did. He greased me up with the lube and then pressed his cockhead against my tight back hole. Oh, for a voice. I would have cried out or, at the very least, I would have whispered, "yes." Instead, I pressed my face into a pillow and moaned long and low as he slid his cock all the way inside me. The feeling of being filled like that was overwhelming, and I waited for the next part, when he would pull out and then fill me once more.

My new bed companion did not let me down. Over and over he thrust inside me, and each time he pulled out, he pinched my clit. I was a wordless, breathless, hot mess of longing. I wanted to let him know I was going to come, but I still refused to break my vow. I hoped he'd be able to tell when the climax broke. There was no stopping or holding back now. The next time he pinched my clit, I came. Hard. My whole body was wracked with the vibrations that slammed through me. He seemed aware of the very second of my climax, because he gripped me at the hips and then shot his load deep inside me.

Bliss. That's what this vacation was supposed to be about. Finding your bliss. And now I'd found mine. He pulled out, undid the binding at my wrists, and herded me with him to the huge waterfall shower in the bathroom. We rotated under the spray, soaking up the heat and steam. Then he kissed me once more, dried me off, and led me back to the bedroom. He reached for the notebook and wrote, "My name's Stephen."

I wrote back, "I'm Stella."

I started laughing as I looked at what he wrote next: "Round two?"

I reached for my bra and dangled it in front of him. As he bound my wrists once more, I reveled in the silence of the room. Not a word was spoken. But lust was in the air. 

Penthouse Variations on Submission, from Cleis Press, will be available in print and eBook on April 14, 2015. Go to PenthouseMagazine.com/submission for information.



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HEAVY PETTING

We're welcoming the arrival of spring with March 2014 Pet of the Month Bree Daniels and February 2015 Pet of the Month Kenna James. And with two smoking-hot Pets in the picture, it takes no time at all for everybody to get hot and bothered—in the best way possible.

Photographs by Tammy Sands

















SEE MORE OF BREE & KENNA AT **PENTHOUSE.COM**.





SHAY LAREN

25 Random Facts About Me That Few People Know



Almost two decades after appearing in *Penthouse* as the June 1993 Pet of the Month, I started writing for the magazine in the hope that one day I could profile my fellow Pets in my very own column. My dream has finally come true!

By Sam Phillips

I consider my pal Shay Laren, June 2006 *Penthouse* Pet of the Month, to be my centerfold sister from another military mister. Not only are we esteemed alumnae of *Penthouse* magazine's "Miss June" club, but Shay and I also hail from the same branch of the United States armed forces, sharing Army brat (born, raised, and trained) status. Shay grew up on a number of military bases around the world.

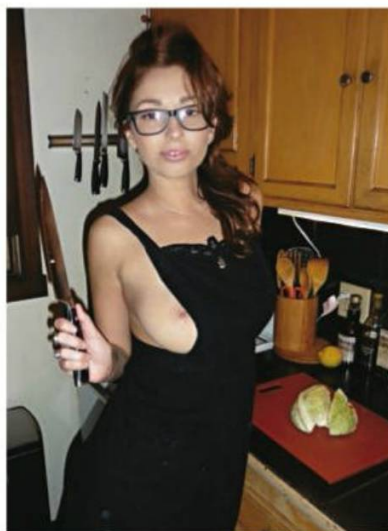
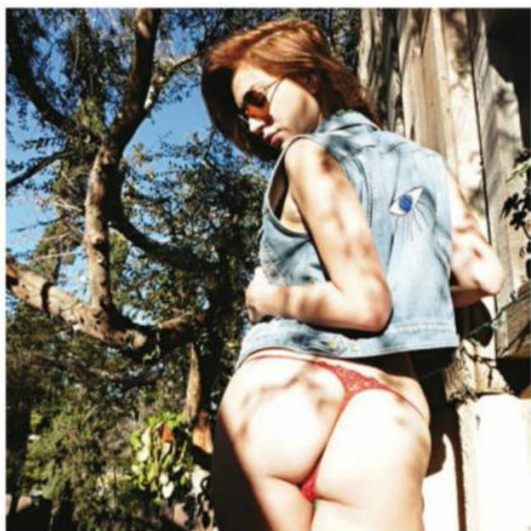
Shay's famous in the adult world for having one of the best sets of natural large-size breasts in the business. She's also known for gracing the covers of most of the top men's magazines. Prior to entering the glamour-modeling industry, Shay worked for a

fashion designer, making celebrity resort-wear in Hawaii. Her all-natural approach to beauty and fashion are reflected in her signature boho-chic casual attire, and her healthy organic lifestyle.

While she still models and personally runs her website (ShayLaren.com), as well as her blog (ShayLaren.tumblr.com), these days her main focus is the culinary arts. She is currently studying all aspects of preparing classic French cuisine, and has aspirations of becoming a personal chef. Feast your eyes on more tidbits about—and photos of—the scrumptious Shay.

Hoo-ah! (Heard, understood, acknowledged.)

1. I have a dog named Oso Peligroso and a kitten named Gato.
2. I grew up in Hawaii, but went to high school in Germany.
3. Jeff Goldblum is my celebrity crush.
4. I was a theater geek from age 9 to 18.
5. I'm the oldest of four kids.
6. The tattoos on my arm were done in Thailand with a bamboo stick.
7. I've read everything that Charles Bukowski and Ernest Hemingway wrote.
8. I make my own organic beauty products.
9. I embroider custom patches and jackets.
10. My friends call my type in men "the Jesus."
11. I was married at 18, divorced at 19.
12. My favorite podcast is "Stuff You Should Know." I listen to it every night.
13. I suffer from insomnia.





14. I'm currently learning how to play the bass guitar.
15. I just shot a cameo for the movie *Entourage*.
16. I can't stand doing my own hair and makeup.
17. I'd rather hang out with my animals than with people.
18. My siblings call me Shay-Shay.
19. Thai food is my all-time favorite.
20. *Dune* and *True Romance* are my favorite movies.
21. My only workout regimen is yoga and hiking.
22. I like to collect cool shoes.
23. I'm a dive-bar kinda gal.
24. I consider myself a sapiosexual.
25. The majority of my friends are artists in some way, shape, or form.



Shay-Lane



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CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH



BOYS ARE STINKY

Why aren't women as smelly as men?

Surprisingly, science has shown that women have the potential to smell much worse than men. Compared with men, women's sweat contains three times the amount of a chemical that causes the most foul body odor. The chemicals in sweat that cause body odor don't smell bad on their own, but bacteria on our skin break them down into other chemical compounds that reek.

Scientists have identified two main chemicals in sweat that bacteria transform into BO. The names of these compounds are so long and complicated that even scientists refer to them as chemical No. 1 and chemical No. 2. Men's sweat has the highest concentration of chemical No. 1, which bacteria turn into compounds that have a rank, cheesy aroma. Women's sweat has the highest concentration of chemical No. 2, which bacteria break down into a pungent sulfur aroma that's 100 times stronger than the other type of body odor. The scientists who made this discovery also asked testers to rate the different odors. People rated the odor produced from women's sweat as much more offensive than odors produced from men's sweat.

Probably the reason why women typically stink less is that they don't sweat as much as men do. Scientists have shown that when men exercise, they pour sweat. Women squeeze less sweat out of each pore than men do when exercising, and they start sweating at a higher core body temperature. That

means a woman may feel hot and stop what she's doing before she gets sweaty, whereas a man may be already soaked with sweat by the time he feels hot.

Also, men tend to have more body hair, which traps sweat and helps to diffuse funky aromas, like those aromatic sticks in a bottle that people put out in their bathrooms. Finally—and I'm just spitballing here—it may be that men don't notice women's stink as much as women notice ours. It is a fact that women have a keener sense of smell than men.

The good news is that giving off a little bit of man musk could make you more alluring. There are other chemicals in sweat that may act as aromatic signals of a man's desirability and compatibility as a mate. Androstadienone, a chemical that's abundant in male sweat, appears to have pheromone-like effects, particularly for heterosexual women. Studies have shown that sniffing it can put women in a good mood and promote sexual arousal.

That's not to say you should ditch cologne, however. Another study showed that smelling certain "masculine" fragrances heightens sexual arousal in women during the phase of their menstrual cycle before they ovulate. There's that, and it's nice to smell nice.

I think the takeaway is that if you catch a whiff of yourself and you don't like it, take a shower and change your clothes. The rest of the time, don't worry if you smell like a man.




TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT

Can overexcitement make you lose your erection? Sometimes when I get extremely turned-on I can't manage to stay hard, and at the same time my hands get clammy and I feel trembly and weak in the knees.

That's adrenaline. Adrenaline is the hormone that starts pumping when you're thrilled or scared. Loss of coordination, trembling, and cold sweats are part of the body's so-called fight-or-flight response, brought on by a surge of adrenaline. This response also restricts blood flow to the penis and keeps you from getting or keeping an erection.

Sex can be extremely exciting and stressful at the same time. A thrill is really just stress or anxiety with a positive spin on it. You may seek out and welcome a thrilling sexual experience, just like you may want to ride a roller coaster, but your sympathetic nervous system, the part that isn't under your conscious control, may not distinguish between good stress (a wild sexual fantasy is about to come true) and bad stress (someone pulls a gun on you). Your stupid nervous system's response to both situations may be to dump adrenaline into your bloodstream.

Going soft at a critical moment usually causes more stress, and starts a vicious cycle. What's more, being anxious about the possibility of losing your erection can make you lose your erection. That means you have to either avoid sex that may be too spicy or learn to control your response.

The best way to cope with an adrenaline dump in the moment, and to prevent it from happening in the first place, is to practice deep breathing. Slowly breathe in, filling your lungs completely, letting your chest rise and your belly relax and expand. When your lungs are full, breathe out slowly, contracting your diaphragm to push all the air out. Don't hold your breath or take huge rapid breaths (hyperventilate). Deep breathing basically switches off the automatic fight-or-flight response and hands control of your body back to your conscious mind, which wants to get freaky. 

1 ENCHANTED EVENING

When we recently celebrated the 45th anniversary of publishing *Penthouse* in the States, we were joined by two sultry Pets, dozens of sexy ladies, and some very lucky partygoers.



Pets Allie Haze and Layla Sin flank Weed Depot president John Venners.

Party attendees at New York City's **Mach 8** got to meet Pets of the Month **Allie Haze** (January 2014) and **Layla Sin** (August 2014), who made a great impression as they mingled with fans and posed for photos. Our friends at **Weed Depot** were our main partners for the event, along with **Vaporbrothers**, and the dance floor was crowded with revelers kept on their feet by **DJ Absolut**, **DJ Omi**, and **DJ Callie Ban**. And when **J-Idris** took to the floor to perform his single "Stare at the Ocean," which spent weeks on the *Billboard* dance chart, peaking at No. 22, the crowd went wild.

Our sponsors for the event—**Lagunitas beer**, **Xante cognac**, **Tequila Fortaleza**, **Zipz Wine**, **Big Ang Wines**, **Cannabis Energy Drink**, and **MacarOn Café**—ensured there was something on the menu for everyone. The photo booth from **SelfieMIR**, which enabled partygoers to upload their pics directly to their social-media accounts, had a long line of patrons all evening. And when the party was over, guests left with goody bags boasting treats from **AI Sports Nutrition**, **FYM Hot Sauce**, and **Dirty Panty Pockets**.





Allie and Layla pose with a lucky partygoer.



DJ Absolut



DJ Omi



J-Idris



Nancy "Mama" Jones and producer/entrepreneur Karif Knox



Layla shows off a bottle of Lagunitas IPA.

VANESSA

IC

IMAGERY



As part of our celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Penthouse brand, we're taking a look back at some iconic *Penthouse* pictorials. What better place to start than with *the* iconic pictorial, the one that led to the first African-American Miss America being forced by hypocritical pageant organizers to relinquish her crown?

That 1984 pictorial, as well as one a year later, ensured Vanessa Williams a unique place in history: She's the one former Miss America who became a lasting household name. And despite the Grammys, Tonys, NAACP Image Awards, and other accolades Williams has earned—and in spite of society's greater tolerance now toward nude photos, sex tapes, etc.—the beautiful singer/actress will take her notoriety to the grave.

Bob Guccione, whose publication of the photos led to disparagement, death threats, and the most successful single issue of a magazine in publishing history, was fond of saying that his actions made Williams the most memorable beauty queen in history. The past 30 years have proved him right.

Photographs by Tom Chiapel and Jonathan Michael Aaron



"The Miss America Pageant is... a business proficient in the exploitation of women for profit; an organization created to promote business in Atlantic City. All we did was puncture a very pompous balloon."—
Bob Guccione





"I think of myself as a feminist and pretty liberal, and there are aspects [of the pageant] that are pretty exploitative. You realize it once you are on the circuit." — *Williams to Entertainment Weekly*





"I didn't *punish* Vanessa Williams, I *published* her! I did precisely what she wanted me to do—me, or anyone else. I published the pictures she posed for. That's why she signed a model release, because she wanted to see her pictures published!"—*Bob Guccione*





A Late-Night Ride

It's such a cliché, but you'll never believe what happened to me. After a decade of living in New York City, I'd decided to pack it up and move out to California, like so many of my friends. Before that, however, there were a few things I wanted to do—a New York City bucket list, if you will. I crossed off all the touristy crap, then made first (or last) visits to a series of restaurants and bars.

But there were a few items on the list that I never thought I'd be able to check off—till I was on the subway late one night, coming home from a house party in Queens. In ten years, I'd never been to the borough before, unless you count going to the airport. I'd caught a late train back to Manhattan, and at that hour, the train was pretty much deserted, and I had a car all to myself. I was texting a friend about my night when the train stopped and someone got on and sat down across from me. I finished my text and looked up, only to see one of my favorite musicians sitting across from me. Holy crap!

Everyone in New York City has a story about running into a celebrity or sitting next to one at dinner or something, and finally I had mine! Even my father had a story about a big-name Hollywood star bumming a cigarette off him while he was waiting for me outside a coffee shop—and he'd only been to the city once. But now, here was my own A-list (or B-list ... whatever), sitting across from me on the train.

I was pretty much staring at him when he looked up from his phone and caught my eye. He smiled, looked around the empty subway car, and said, "Isn't the empty subway car the best? I feel bad I ruined that for you by getting on when I did."

I laughed and wondered if he really thought anyone minded sitting across from him. "It's cool," I assured him. "It was empty for a couple of stops, so I got the full experience."

He asked, "Where are you coming from?"

When I told him where I'd been, he said he had friends in that neighborhood, and after sharing a few more details, we figured out that the party was one he'd been planning to swing by himself before it had gotten so late. We talked a bit more about our mutual acquaintance and then my bucket list, and soon we



I added "fuck on the subway" to my bucket list—and checked it off.

crossed the line from simply chatting to outright flirting. I don't know who started it, but I definitely wasn't going to stop. If the hottie singer from my favorite band wanted to flirt with me, I certainly wouldn't deny him—or myself—the opportunity.

After a few more minutes, he moved to the spot next to me, and then the touching began—him resting a hand on my thigh as we talked, me touching his arm each time I made a point. The late hour and the fact that we were completely alone in a normally chaotic environment seemed to spur us on, and our flirting quickly heated up until we were making incredibly obvious passes at each other. And then he said the thing that pushed it over the edge: "You know what I've always wanted to do? Fuck on the subway." I quickly added that to my bucket list—and almost immediately went about checking it off.

As he leaned in to kiss me, he reached under my skirt. Our flirtations had me wet already, but his added ministrations got me nice and juicy, ready to be fucked. When he pushed the crotch of my underwear to the side and thrust a long, thick finger

into me, I reached over and fumbled with his fly. He was already hard, but I managed to get him unzipped pretty easily. I had to break our lip-lock and really focus to get the top button undone, though.

He wasn't wearing any underwear, and his dick stood up from his jeans, ready for me. I gave him a few quick strokes, then he pulled his fingers from my pussy and helped me onto his lap. I held the base of his shaft and guided it to my juicy center, then slid slowly down onto him until I was fully impaled on his cock. I started riding him right away, sliding myself up and down on his shaft, and it felt so good. I hadn't expected to get laid that night, but damn, was I glad it was happening!

I reached behind him to press my hands against the windowsill, giving myself more leverage as I thrust. It helped me pump up and down a little harder, and the moans that the added force wrenched from him were music to my ears—I liked those sounds even more than I liked my favorite album of his. It was a hell of a thing, having him groaning in my ear with that same deep, gravelly growl he used when he sang.

I grabbed his hands and guided them to my ass, then placed my hands on his shoulders. Now, as I thrust, he guided me, pulling me down deeper and lifting me up farther, so I was

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sliding along the full length of him. When we had a good rhythm going, I moved a hand between our bodies, reaching under my hiked-up skirt to rub my clit. It was hard to get the touch right in the position we were in, but after a few seconds, I'd figured out the right way to hold my arm and the perfect pressure to apply to enhance the sensations I was feeling without getting in my own way.

He leaned in to kiss me again as I played with myself, first locking his lips with mine, then trailing his kisses along my jaw and down my neck. He didn't stop until he'd landed on my pulse point, and then he sucked and bit me, making an effort to leave a mark on me. I should have stopped him—at 30 years old, I'm definitely too old for visible hickeys—but that thought didn't even occur to me.

We didn't have much time left before his stop, so I pulled his head up and kissed him hard. "Fuck me," I commanded when our lips parted. And he did. He thrust his hips up against me as hard as he could, and I slammed back down onto him with as much force as I could muster. Our rhythm grew sloppy, but it worked, and in a moment I felt my orgasm hit. My pussy spasmed around his shaft as a shiver of absolute pleasure ran up my spine, and I bit back a scream. He came soon after me, and I felt him shoot off inside me as his body stiffened and froze beneath mine.

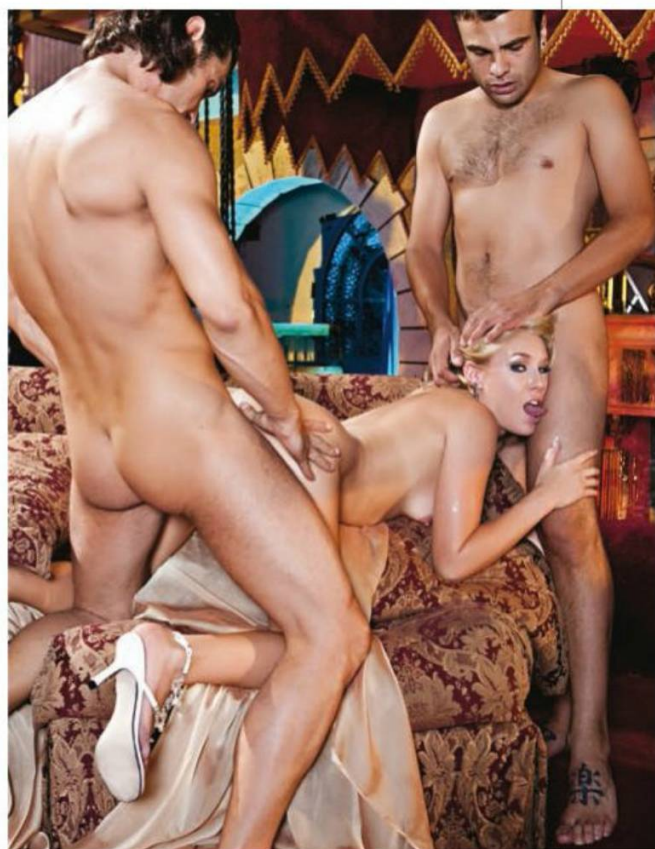
As we came down from our orgasmic highs, we kissed one more time. Then I slowly stepped back from his lap, shifting my underwear into place and letting my skirt drop back down as he zipped his jeans. He'd just fastened the button on his fly when we stopped at a station and were forced to share our subway car with a handful of late-night revelers.

We didn't speak again, but we shared a quick but passionate kiss before he got off—the train, I mean. I had a few more stops to go before I landed at my station, and as I waited for the train to deliver me home, I felt his come soaking my panties.

When I woke up the next day, the whole thing felt like a dream. As I made my coffee, I started to think that maybe I'd had too much to drink at the party and had imagined the entire thing. Then I went to take a shower and caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. There was a hickey the size of a quarter at the base of my neck, a souvenir from my very real encounter the night before.—K.L., California

A Good Workout

Dan and I stood across from each other, with Annie between us. She had her back to me, and when she bent over at the waist, I guided my cock into her wet pussy. She was drenched from all our fooling around, and I slid in to the hilt all at once. As soon as I bottomed out inside her, she grabbed Dan's dick and sucked it into her mouth, deep-throating him as much as she could.



Annie looked damn good, bent over and taking a cock in each end.

Annie looked damn good in that position, bent over and taking a cock in each end. And the whole thing had been her idea, too. She'd picked Dan and me up at the gym after a workout and brought us back to her place "for a cooldown." But we weren't cooling off at all—things were only getting hotter.

While I thrust in and out, Annie's mouth slid back and forth along Dan's shaft in time with my movements. She moaned when I kicked up the pace, and Dan groaned as the vibrations traveled up his dick. Once we

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had a good rhythm going, I slammed my hips against her ass harder. She couldn't control her movement on Dan's dick when I was pounding into her, so she gripped the base of his shaft with her hand and focused her efforts on sucking his crown. I could hear her slurping and moaning over the sounds of our bodies slapping together, and between that and Dan's grunting, I knew we were all picking up steam.

I pounded harder, getting closer. As sloppy-wet as she was, she was still tight, and the more I slammed into her, the less control I felt. I wasn't going to last much longer, and I knew it. I sped things up even more, and within seconds, I felt my dick throb inside her. When I blew, I shot come deep into her cunt, then pulled out and sprayed the last of my load on her back. Dan took only a little longer to get there, and when he came, Annie swallowed about half his load before he pulled out and spewed the rest on her face.

Spent—at least for the time being—Annie sat down on the floor between us, and Dan and I high-fived over her head. It was the best workout of our lives.—*H.R., Oregon*

■ Meet Me in the Bathroom

Jason had taken me dancing, and being so close to him all night, grinding against him, had gotten me kind of hot. I don't mean sweaty hot, although I was that, too, but "couldn't keep my hands off him" hot. I was so turned-on that I knew there was no way I could wait till we got home to be with him.

I'd never done it in public before, but I told Jason to come with me and I led him back to the bathrooms. The women's bathroom, I knew, was off-limits. The club was crowded that night, which meant there would be more than a few girls in there either touching up their makeup or gossiping with friends. The men's room, on the other hand, seemed like a safe bet. I told him to go in and see if it was empty, and when he came back to the door to say it was, I pushed past him and guided him to the last stall at the far end of the small bathroom.

Jason was clearly shocked by my sudden desire for public sex, but he wasn't about to turn me down, and he let me take the lead. Once the door to the stall was closed behind us, I

started on his belt and tugged at his pants. He helped me, unbuckling his belt and letting me unzip his fly. I pulled his cock out and stroked it a few times, getting him hard, then asked him if he had a condom in his wallet. He did, so he sheathed his dick while I pulled off my panties.

I turned around so my back was to the door and pulled Jason toward me, then hopped up and wrapped my legs around his waist. While I held on to his shoulders, he guided his dick to my pussy and eased the head in. As soon as I felt it nudging my slit, I wiggled a little to ease him inside, and he pulled me down farther until he was all the way in.

He pushed me against the door a little harder, and I wrapped my arms tight around his shoulders to give myself some leverage. It was the first time I'd had sex standing up, or in a bathroom, but I caught on pretty quickly as to what needed to be done

to get us both off. As he pumped his hips, I rocked myself in time to his strokes, adding to the arousing sensations.

We were really going at it, my back slamming against the door, and I forgot where we were. But before we'd reached our climaxes, the main bathroom door opened and I heard a couple of guys come in. I panicked and stopped moving, but Jason continued to stroke in and out of me, and when I realized the guys weren't paying any attention to us, I relaxed. After they left, it only took a few more strokes to get me off. I kissed Jason hard as I came, needing to silence myself, and he grunted a few moments later as he came, too.

While he watched the main door, I straightened my hair and touched up my lipstick, and when he gave me the all-clear, we ducked out of the bathroom and went to the bar for one last drink before calling it a night.—*E.Y., Vermont*

As Jason pumped his hips, I rocked myself in time to his strokes.



■ When Inspiration Strikes

Gina and I were on our way home after dinner when we hit a red light. We'd taken a different route than usual, so Gina was looking around, checking out the scenery, when she spotted something interesting. "Look at that," she said, pointing to a car parked a few yards away in an empty parking lot. "I think they're having sex."

I looked where she indicated and saw a couple obviously getting it on in the front seat of the car. The woman was sitting on the guy's lap, and he was leaning back, with the seat pulled back and down as far as it would go. They both appeared to be dressed, but her shirt was unbuttoned and it looked like maybe her tits were exposed, though we couldn't tell from where we were.

When the light turned green, I drove forward, but Gina urged me to stop. "Can you take a loop through that parking lot over there?" she asked. Then, as if embarrassed to admit she was aroused by the other couple, she said, "I just want to see what stores are in this mall." I knew what she really wanted to see, but I kept my mouth shut and did what she asked without comment.

The entrance to the parking lot was a good distance from the car we'd spotted, so we went unnoticed. Then I killed the headlights and

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slowed down, hoping to approach without spooking them. Gina glanced at me out of the corner of her eye when she realized what I was doing, but she only smiled and looked back out her window, turning to see the other couple.

We passed them slowly, and Gina gasped when she realized they really were getting hot and heavy. As we drove past them, I noticed that she had reached down and started stroking herself.

As we circled the mall toward the exit, I pulled closer to the building and drove into a heavily shadowed area before putting the car in park and turning off the ignition. Gina looked at me, startled, and asked me what I was doing. "You seemed inspired," I told her. "I just thought maybe you'd want to act now, while the muse was fresh." I expected her to put up at least a little bit of a fight, but all she did was tell me to recline my seat.

I once again did as she asked—*duh!*—and she reached over and unbuckled my seat belt, then unzipped my fly. I lifted my ass to help her as she pushed down my pants far enough to let my cock escape. I stroked myself for a minute, and quickly went from semi- to rock-hard.

Then she unbuckled her seat belt, shimmed out of her underwear, and crawled over the center console to plant herself in my lap, facing the windshield.

She sat for a moment, positioning herself comfortably, and the weight of her ass against my dick got me even harder—if that was possible. She wiggled her hips a bit, teasing me, but she was even more eager than I was to get down to business, and her teasing lasted only a brief moment. Then she pulled her dress up out of the way, I reached out to hold my cock steady, and she sank down on my hard shaft.

As soon as she was comfortable on my cock, she bucked and writhed like a wild woman. While the couple we'd been ogling had been having sex, Gina was flat-out fucking me, and she was doing it good and hard!

Gina rocked back and forth, then rolled her hips in circles and figure eights. She was moving quickly, and each stroke and thrust made my cock throb more. I had to grab her hips and guide her to create a steady rhythm so I wouldn't blow my load too fast—and I wanted her to come, too.

I thrust up into her as she rocked and swirled on my dick, and the added motion really drove her crazy. She was



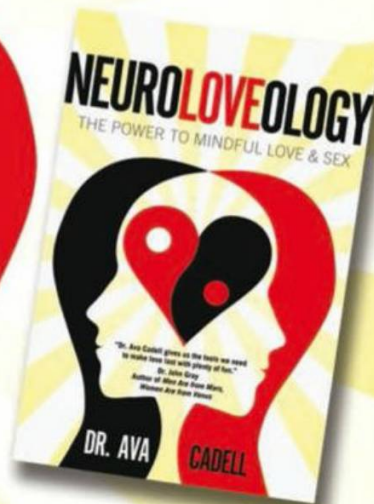
moaning loudly, and even with the windows up, I knew that if anyone had been in a 50-yard radius of us, they'd have heard her. They wouldn't have seen much, though, because we were fogging up the windows.

After a few minutes of good, comfortable motion, she went into overdrive. She bounced furiously up and down on my dick, her hands pushing hard against the dashboard. It was pure, animalistic fucking.

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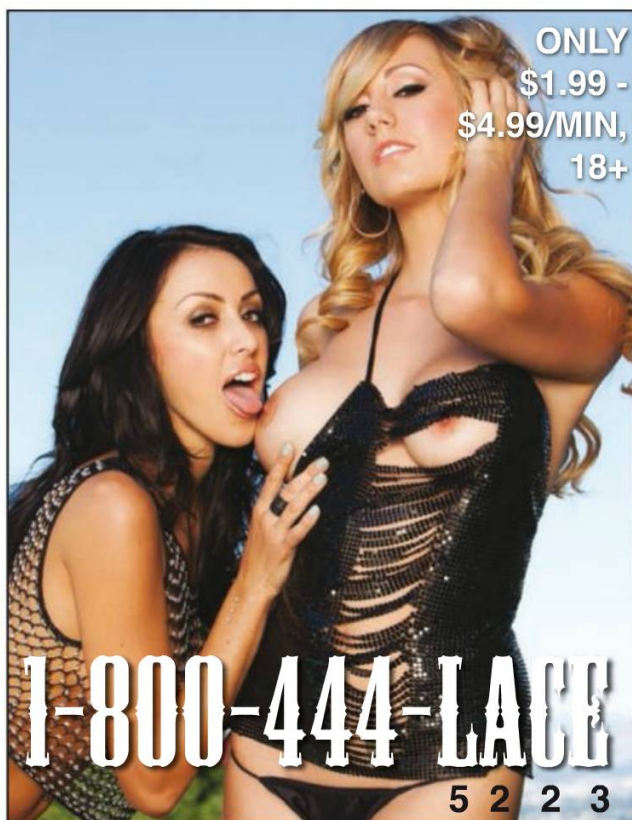
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Just when I thought I couldn't take anymore, she exploded. She cried out and rolled her head back as she came, but she didn't stop riding me. I came a split-second later.

When she finally stopped fucking me, she leaned back against me and we relaxed in my seat for a couple of minutes before straightening up. I started the car and turned on the air-conditioning to cool us down. Then, when we'd had time to catch our breath—and the windows had defogged—we got back on the road.

We had to circle the parking lot from the outside again in order to get home, but when we passed the spot where we'd first seen our muse, the car was gone. I only hope they had as good a time as we did.—*P.E., Florida*

Going Down

It was three in the morning, the perfect time to live out my elevator-sex fantasy. John, the night doorman, had gone down one flight of stairs so he could meet me, and when the doors opened for him, he looked at me and asked, "Going down?"

"If you're lucky," I replied, acting out my role of slutty elevator vixen.

He got in, and as the doors closed, I untied my silk robe, exposing myself, and dropped to my knees. We'd gone two or three floors by the time I had his pants open and his cock out, and he pulled the emergency stop to give us more time before we hit the lobby.

I laved his dick with my tongue before sucking the head into my mouth, and he was most definitely grateful for my attentions. He bucked his hips a few times, thrusting between my lips, but he stopped before it went too far. He'd only just started leaking pre-come when he pulled out of my mouth and helped me back onto my feet. Then he took a turn on his knees.

He spread my legs and leaned in to lick my pussy, his tongue running up and down my dewy slit, over and over again. He got me hot, then dragged his tongue up to my hard little bud and circled it with the tip. He went around and around, and then, finally, when I was growing impatient, he began to flick it. Oh, my God, that felt amazing!

As he teased my clit with his tongue, he thrust two thick fingers inside me and began pumping them in and out. It was enough to get me off, and after a few seconds, I felt the telltale throbbing in my tummy before

As the elevator doors closed, I exposed myself. John pulled the emergency stop to give us time.

my juices gushed out of me.

I was still in the midst of my orgasm when he stood up, spun me around, and bent me forward against the back wall of the elevator. He guided his length toward my slit, eased the tip inside, and then slid fully into me. His hips thrust back and forth, his shaft slamming into me. It was rough and passionate all at once, and it was everything I'd imagined it would be. He kept at it until I felt him explode inside me, and then I felt another tremor rock my body.

When we were done, he pushed in the emergency stop button and we continued our ride to the lobby as he tucked himself back into his pants and straightened his uniform. When we reached the first floor, he walked through the open doors and back to his station at the reception desk. I knew he'd be checking out the elevator security footage for the rest of his shift, and I rode back up to the penthouse with a smile.—*J.R., Illinois*



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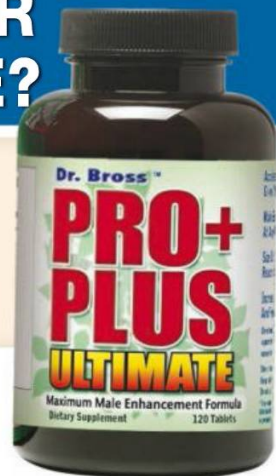


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RUNNER-UP REUNION

To close this special Pet of the Year Runner-Up issue, we take a look back at two Pets who've recently held that title: Angela Sommers (2013) and Emily Addison (2012). As we've seen countless times in our history—not to mention in the photo set of Bree Daniels and Kenna James in this very issue—things always end up getting down and dirty when our Pets “collaborate.”

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